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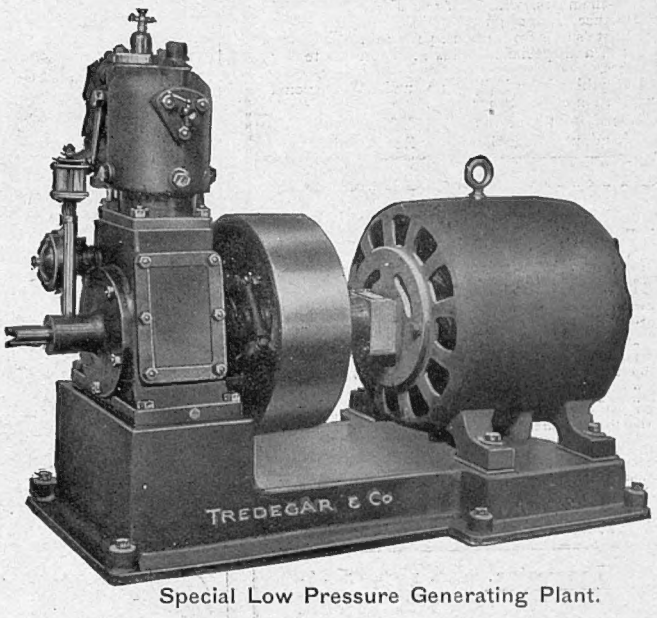

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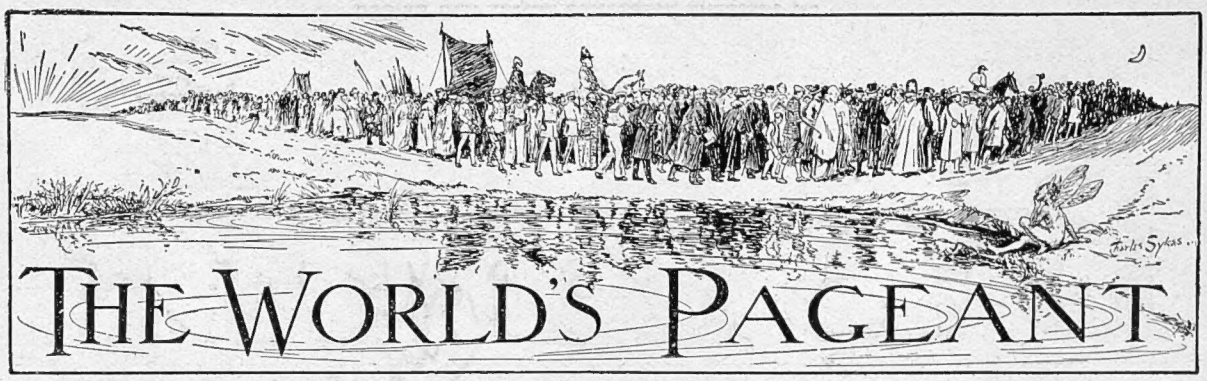
No. 281.—Vol. XXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 21, 1909 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo] "LA PETITE MARQUISE" *[Lallie Charles*

The nickname of the Countess of Carnarvon, earned by her small, pretty, and dainty personality. Before her marriage to the Earl in 1895 she was Miss Almina Wombwell, only daughter of Mrs. Frederick Wombwell. She has two children, the ten-year-old Lord Porchester and Lady Evelyn Herbert



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

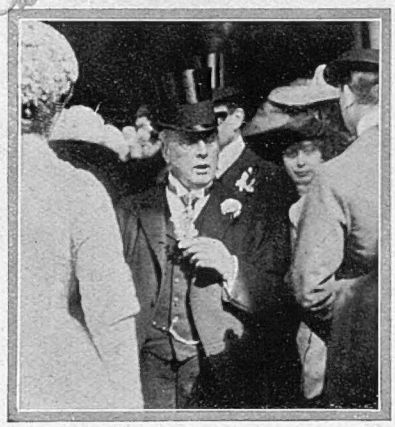
Should the London Season be Stopped?

CERTAIN of the verygrave people in clubs and places where they make a song are asking whether, in this year of national panic, the London season should be allowed to go on? The idea of proceeding with a programme of "don't care" when we should be giving our whole attention to one of Dreadnought is as wanting in proper respect as (to quote a cynic) was the action of Rome in burning while Nero fiddled. With the whole nation in a state of sheer terror, with responsible Liberal statesmen talking openly of war, with the *Spectator* imploring us to be a little less light-hearted, and to embark on a "new way of life"—with all these things going on, is it not, some people say, monstrous to proceed with our pleasures as though Peace were assured for a hundred years?

* * *

And If So, How?

Before, however, you talk of stopping a thing, it is rather necessary to know on what principle it proceeds. The anti-seasonites might be asked, "What *is* the London season, and how *would* you stop it if you could?" And I should very much like to have their answer. The phrase, the "London Season," is a piece of elaborate humbug, and probably Society would be as pleased to be rid of it as the most democratic of its despisers. True that, for certain very definite reasons, Society is quartered in London from May until the end of July, but to talk of this as a "season" in the same way as one talks of a similar quartering at, say, Marienbad, Cairo, the Riviera, Biarritz, etc., is to convey to the unthinking an absolutely false idea. For Society, in the proper sense of the word, the London season is simply the time when, for reasons quite outside its control, it is necessary and only decent to be in the Metropolis. For in May open the Opera season and the Royal Academy, functions which, while giving pleasure and elevation to the masses, can only exist by the patronage of the wealthy. Parliament happens to be sitting at this time, and



The Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T.

The father of the bridegroom of the month, at the Dalmeny wedding. His lordship was noticeably unnoticeable throughout, and was at great pains to hide himself from the photographer

The Bride and Bridegroom, the Photographers, and the British Public outside St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Lord and Lady Dalmeny are to be seen under the awning just about to enter the waiting brougham

The Primrose Wedding

IN THE PRIMROSE MONTH

LORD AND LADY DALMENY LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THE CEREMONY

On Thursday last, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was solemnised the wedding of Albert Edward Harry Mayer Archibald, Lord Dalmeny, M.P., eldest son and heir of the Earl of Rosebery, to Miss Dorothy Grosvenor, daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor and grand-daughter of the late Duke of Westminster

the wives of legislators are, of necessity, in Town, and, as is only natural, are compelled to afford a certain number of opportunities of meeting, which take the form of dinners and dances.

* * *

Society and National Industries

In the spring and summer the Courts are held by their Majesties; such important sporting events as the Ascot race week demand social support, and incidentally afford pleasure. The noble pastime of polo attracts, as it should, people who, as luck will have it, are of necessity decently dressed, to Hurlingham and Ranelagh. It being summer, such important outdoor events as the Horticultural Show and the Botanical Fêtes take place, and are duly patronised with great benefit to a beautiful national industry. There are, of course, a number of lesser functions, which depend for their continuance on the support of the wealthy section of Society, and were they to cease, not only would no good whatever be done, but certain national assets would be wholly lost. I hope I have said enough to explain, to those who have not thought, the real and serious character of the "London season," and to clear Society from the charge of using it solely for the purposes of frivolity.

Lord Desborough and his Daughter

The Hon. Monica Grenfell, at the Hawthorn Hill Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting last week

* * *

The Primrose Wedding

The wedding of Lord Dalmeny and Miss Dorothy Grosvenor, which was celebrated on Thursday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is, so far, the wedding of the year, and, considering that it took place in the middle of Easter week, was surprisingly well attended. There was a great gathering of Grosvenors and the bridegroom's family turned up in full force. Lord Dalmeny and his brother, Mr. Neil Primrose, who is also a very desirable *parti*, drove to the church in one of Lord Rosebery's perfectly turned-out broughams—both of them wearing primrose buttonholes. The bride, who was given away by her father, Lord Henry Grosvenor, looked charming, and her wedding-gown was the cause of much envy—but not to the same extent as her necklace of five rows of pearls.

Lady Crewe (carrying parcel)

Sister of Lord Dalmeny, visiting Miss Dorothy Grosvenor in Belgrave Square before the wedding

* * *

Six Hundred Wedding Presents

Miss Grosvenor, or, as we must now call her, Lady Dalmeny, is well set-up with jewels, for Lord Rosebery has given his daughter-in-law nearly all the famous gems that belonged to Lady Rosebery, and many will remember how gorgeous they were, the pearls being especially large and fine. All the wedding presents were set out in the drawing-room of 13, Belgrave Square, where Lord Henry Grosvenor held a reception after the wedding. There were many notable pretty women at this ceremony. Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Villiers were greatly admired. The King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales all sent Lord Dalmeny gifts, and those given by the Rothschild family were, it goes without saying, second to none. The Duke of Westminster gave his cousin a sapphire and diamond pendant—but it would be impossible to give a full list of the presents, for they numbered considerably over 600.

* * *

This Week's Wedding

The chief wedding of this week is that of Mr. Wyndham Portal and Lady Rosemary Cairns. The bridegroom, who is in the 1st Life Guards, is the son and heir of Sir William Portal, the head of the great firm which prints, among other things, the Bank of England notes. Lady Rosemary is the daughter of the second Lord Cairns and Olivia, Lady Cairns. She is tall, graceful, pretty, and remarkably well-bred in appearance. Some few years ago her mother married, *en secondes noces*, Mr. Roger Sloane Stanley, the owner of Paultons, near Romsey, in Hampshire, and by him she has two daughters, who rejoice in the pretty names of Lavender and Diana.

The Marquess de Soveral

As debonair as ever, leaving Lord Beauchamp's house in Belgrave Square after the Dalmeny wedding reception

Lady Paget's Return

Lady Paget is expected back from America this week. She has had a very enjoyable visit, and has been much fêted—so much so that she has deferred her departure no less than three times, and it is quite on the cards she may not be home before May after all.

The Trumping of Abdul's Trick

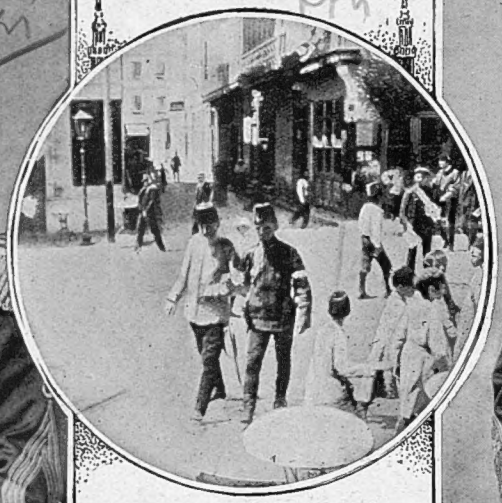
THE YOUNG TURK COMMITTEE'S BRILLIANT BID FOR RENEWED POWER

Salonica: The Chief Town of Macedonia

The headquarters of the Young Turks, and the base of their military operations against Constantinople. It was to Salonica that the deposed Young Turkish leaders "fled" after the reactionary *coup d' tat* of Tuesday week, and there they organised the marvellous "revenge" on the plotter of Yildiz

Edhem Pasha: The New Minister of War

Upon whom has devolved the desperate task of defending the Sultan



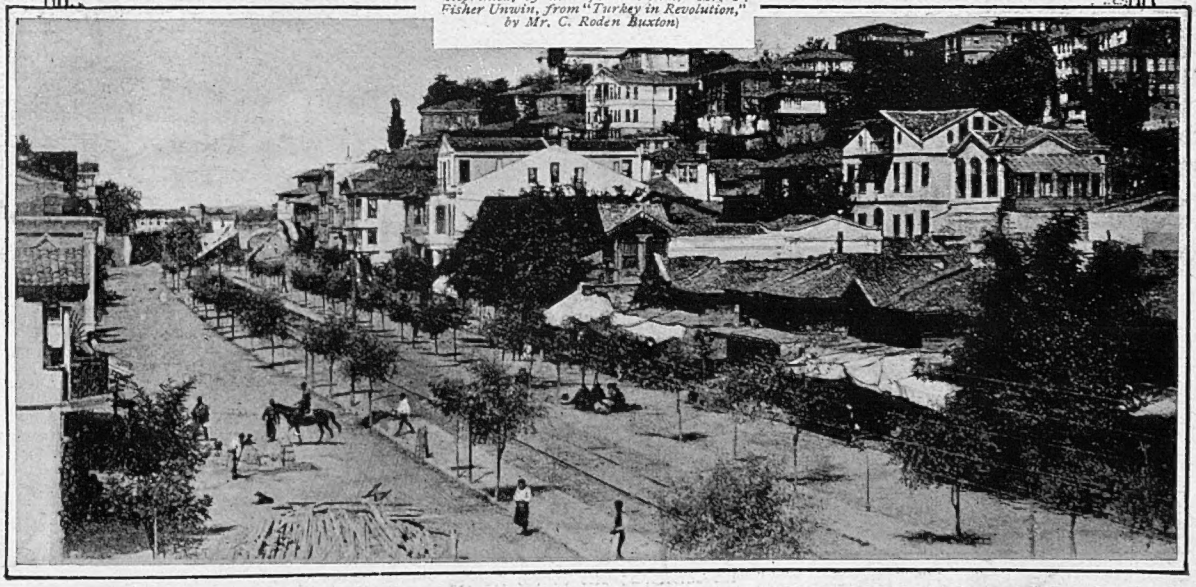
Enver Bey (right) in Salonica

Where he arrived last week to inspire the Committee's troops. Enver was the prime mover in the revolution of last July

(Reprinted, by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, from "Turkey in Revolution," by Mr. C. Roden Buxton)

Tewfik Pasha: The Turkish Grand Vizier

Appointed by the Sultan in place of Hilmi, at the dictation of the "mutineers"



Adrianople: The Headquarters of the Second Army Corps, which has joined the Salonica Forces in the March to Constantinople

It is the junction of the railway lines to Bulgaria and Macedonia respectively, and consequently of immense strategic importance

The Young Turk Down—

The incorrigible optimists of the newspapers, who deluded their readers into believing that with the Powers' coercion of the Servians the "Balkans crisis" was at an end, are now possibly a little wiser. As foreseen by those who knew, the overthrow of Kiamil Pasha was not likely to be without serious consequences. The Young Turks, it was said, would pay dearly for their essay in tyranny, and so it turns out. For, on Tuesday last, they were played at their own game, and, for the nonce, beaten. As they had used the Army against the Sultan, so then the Sultan used the Army against them. A mutiny was arranged, and, as a result, Hilmi and his associates were flung out of office. Tewfik, a notorious Germanophile, succeeded as Grand Vizier, and "order reigned in Constantinople."

* * *

—And the Young Turk Up

With this the optimists made the usual exhibition of themselves. Again they hallooed before they were out of the wood, assuming that, because the Young Turks had been taken by surprise and their leaders had fled, the Committee of Union and Progress was a thing of the past. As anybody with two grains of sense might have known, the "flight" of Ahmed Riza and the rest was only strategic. They had proceeded, of course, to their original headquarters, Salonika, and, in forty-eight hours or so, the news came of a march by the Third Army Corps on Constantinople, with the result all know now.

* * *

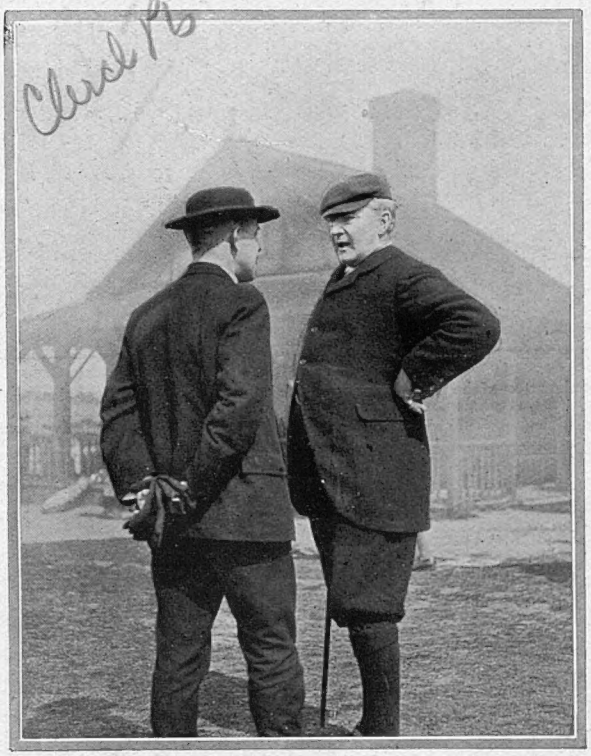
The Moral

The moral is—"Don't believe that the Balkans crisis is *ever* settled!" It is interminable. So long as the Turkish Government remains either corrupt or chaotic, so long will there be the danger of outside intervention, and—war.

* * *

Save Us from our Friends

Bravo, Berlin! In *An Englishman's Home* we saw ourselves as we, ourselves, see us. The German nation, apparently, entirely disagrees with our point of view. While we applauded the incompetence of the Volunteer officer and the futilities of the family he defends as pictures painted from life, Berlin derided them as farcical and ridiculous. This German verdict enables us to see ourselves as others see us. Our dear Teutonic cousins were positively furious at the suggestion that the British Volunteer officer was a fool and the average



Venerable Interest in a Venerable Game
Archdeacon Sinclair (*right*) talking with the Vicar of Aldeburgh at the Aldeburgh Easter Golf Meeting

An Interesting Trio at the Rufford
Reading from left to right: The Marquis of Tichfield, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, and the Duchess of Portland (on whose charming portrait in hunting costume we congratulate ourselves), at the last Meet of the Rufford Hunt near Newark. The Rufford have had a very good season, the last under the Mastership of Earl Manvers, who received a presentation from the members last week. His successor is Sir Hugo FitzHerbert

Gorky in Exile

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED IN HIS CAPRI RETREAT FOR "THE BYSTANDER"

"I know not where under the sun it is not exile."—CARLYLE

Exiled from his beloved Nijni Novgorod, Maxim Gorky has found a charming refuge at Capri. He has been successively a painter of ikons, pedlar of kvass, scullery-boy, gardener, watchman, and baker's apprentice. Now that he has finally adopted the perhaps equally remunerative profession of literature, would it be too much to ask Mr. Gorky to abandon the workman's smock he wears in our picture for something more suggestive of the "dolce far niente" of a successful literary career?

suburban resident a mere diabolo fiend. Most emphatically did they resent these libels on their fond friends, the English. It is really awfully gratifying. Let us recall the facts. London produces a play designed to bring home to its citizens that they are fools living in a fool's paradise. The London citizens go frantic with delight, and pack the theatre nightly. The same play is produced in Berlin, and is hissed off the stage. We should not have been surprised if the Germans had received it with stolid indifference, but their active fury is past all understanding. Do they love us so much that they would protect us against our own playwrights? And where exactly are we, anyway?

* * *

The Kaiser Pats Our Back

Germany never liked "political purpose" plays. The rebuff administered to *An Englishman's Home* shows, according to the Kaiser himself, that Germans "are far from feeling satisfaction at the weaknesses presented by other countries." Indeed, his Imperial Majesty has been kind enough to say that so far as he was acquainted with English family life it in no way corresponded with that depicted in the play.

* * *

Stiggins on the Press Again

The "political purpose" drama that is at present stirring the minds of the London Press, to wit, Mr. Fagan's *The Earth*, very broadly accuses the proprietors of daily newspapers of trafficking in private scandals. This has caused what is, perhaps, an inevitable howl of indignation. Private scandals and the private affairs of public men are, perhaps, generally eschewed in daily newspapers, but any "constant reader" will readily admit that again and again the power of what is known as the "Yellow" Press is used in the most unscrupulous manner, not only in the falsehoods it publishes, but also in the truth it suppresses. Not only by means of publication, but also of suppression, is it possible to execute a vendetta.

* * *

The Finest Pearls in England

Mr. Claude Watney, who has been lying so dangerously ill at his house in Charles Street, where a severe operation took place last week, is one of the heads of the well-known firm of brewers. His wife, whose portrait we give, is famous for her jewels, of which she possesses a great number. Her pearls are quite magnificent; indeed, experts say that she owns the finest in England—one string is valued at £40,000 — and she has enough of various sizes to be worn on one long row from her neck to the ground and back again. She owns some superb emeralds, too, and also some large table diamonds of the most exquisite water. Mrs. Watney is one of the kindest women going, and probably does more good by stealth than anybody else in London.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Mrs. Claude Watney

Whose husband's illness is causing anxiety. A well-known Society woman, an enthusiastic motorist, and the possessor of the finest collection of pearls in England. One string is valued at £40,000

* * *

Dull Newmarket

The Craven Meeting at Newmarket last week was rather a tame affair, and there was a very "out-of-season" air about the whole thing. One could count the well-known people present on the ten fingers. The weather was pleasant, and the racing good enough to have attracted a larger crowd. Lord Durham and some of his brothers came over from Exning in a large covered waggonette, and Mr. and Mrs. George Lambton were much noticed—this being their first appearance at a race meeting since their marriage. Others present were Lady Constance Gore and her husband, Lady Cooper, Lord Essex—but when is he not at a race meeting?—Lord Cholmondeley, another regular attendant, Mr. Leonard Brassey, and Mrs. William Lawson, who wore, I am told, a surprisingly short skirt of brown velvet with a coat to match.

* * *

The "City and Sub"

The racing world will assemble at Epsom this week for the Spring Meeting, and should the weather prove fine for the City and Suburban there should be a large attendance of the general public, but, somehow or other, the fashionable world does not go racing with such zest in April as it does a few weeks later on.

* * *

If Betting Were Stopped

Anti-gamblers or faddists—call them what you will—are perpetually clamouring for the abolition of betting on horse racing. Do they ever seriously consider what would happen if their wishes were brought into force? If they wanted an example of what mischief can be caused by legislation of this kind, let them look to the present state of the American Turf. Here there has been nothing but utter stagnation since the law was passed prohibiting betting on racecourses. Flourishing meetings have been closed down; hundreds of honest people have been thrown out of employment. The public no

Beauty in the Peerage

Photo *Rita Martin*

LADY MARJORIE COCHRANE

The youngest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald

longer takes an active interest in the performances on the tracks. All the biggest breeders of thoroughbreds have felt the draught, and many owners, disgusted with the so-called "land of liberty," have sent their horses to be trained in England and France. When we see such pillars of the American Turf as Mr. James R. Keene, Mr. August Belmont, and Mr. H. P. Whitney, millionaires all, deserting the American tracks in favour of those in this country, we can realise that there is something radically wrong in their own land.

* * *

What Would Happen in England

Surely, something of the same sort would happen if the faddists got their way in this country. Probably racing would be continued in England even if betting were to be abolished by Act of Parliament, but it would be at best an emasculated sport, confined to a few owners willing to race against each other for their own amusement. It has been estimated that the English Turf causes £10,000,000 to be circulated every season. There is, besides, an enormous capital locked up in our racecourses, training stables, and breeding studs. Would it be worth while to place that enormous capital in jeopardy for the sake of making the rather hopeless experiment of "reforming" racegoers? People will bet. Gambling is an instinct—or failing, if you like—inherent in the human race. And if you take away the horses, some other outlet is sure to be found for gratifying our national "punting" propensities. Over and above all this, any interference with racing would be bad for our breed of horses. Already the British Army is seriously under-horsed, according to the experts. Goodness knows, then, where we should get our stock from if private breeders were to be discouraged in the great industry of rearing horses for the Turf.

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney

The son of the late Mr. W. C. Whitney, who won the Epsom Derby with Volodyovski. He has sent his horses to Newmarket under the care of an American trainer, and has already won several races here

Mr. James R. Keene

The doyen of American millionaires. During the last four years he has broken all records on the American Turf by winning $1,063,660 in stake-money

Mr. August Belmont

A New York banker, closely associated with the house of Rothschild. He has his horses in the same stable as Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and won the Two Thousand Guineas with Norman III. last season

A BROWN STUDY

(*"Was the man respectable?" counsel asked at the South London Sessions. "Well," the witness replied, "he had brown boots on."*)

Not easy in this world of ours
  Our friends to estimate;
Humanity's perceptive pow'rs
  Are too inadequate,
And outward signs will, as a rule,
The most astute of us befool.

Appearances may much deceive,
  And you may take your oaths
You never wholly should believe
  Suggestions made by clothes;
E'en rags may now and then conceal
A heart that is as true as steel.

Deeds of the very deepest dye,
  'Tis fairly manifest,
Have oft been perpetrated by
  Folks fashionably drest.
And yet there is *one* useful clue
Which should not be o'erlooked by you.

Remember, as you pace the streets
  And alleys of the town,
A heart is never black that beats
  Above a boot that's brown.
This precept grappled to the soul
Makes Life far safer on the whole.

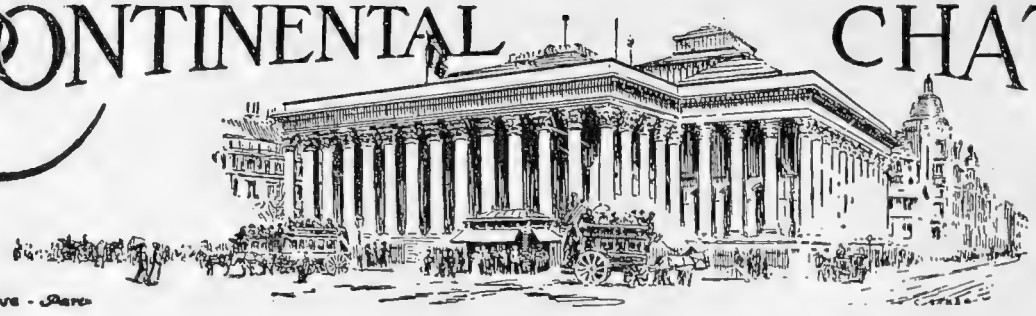
MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

Nature Note—April

"A primrose by the river's brim,
Primula vulgaris, calyx tubular, five-cleft, corolla salver, was to him,
And it was nothing more"

BY YORICK (with apologies to the late Mr Wordsworth)

CONTINENTAL CHAT



M. Fallières's New Tie

There is little of interest in Paris nowadays. There are the Concours Hippique, the closing ceremony at the Palais de Glace, and the exhibition of the *independants* (where you can go and have a good laugh at the art of the day) to announce that spring has come, although everybody wore fur at Longchamps on Sunday. The annual exhibition of the Pastellistes has been opened at the Galleries "Georges *petit*," as usual, by the President. This time M. Fallières did *not* wear the Lavallière bow *à pois* (a ready-made tie, blue with white spots) which he has worn for forty years! It was quite an historic event! And tongues begin to wag, and all kinds of reasons are suggested for M. Fallières's sudden fit of coquetry! Was it in preparation for Edward VII.'s visit this week? Mme. Fallières was always frightened of Edward VII.'s influence over her husband! Mme. Fallières on this occasion wore bottle-green velvet, but it did not suit her. The exhibition might be taken as a sign of the times; it was poor indeed. Besnard's work was truly admirable. It looked as if he had galloped on miles ahead and left all his poor companions in the ditch. But, talking of art, the exhibition of dog pictures by Miss Maud Earl has been a great success. She was fortunate enough to secure the patronage of Parisian society women like Princess Murat and Mrs. Arthur Meyer, who brought all the others in their train. The society of which Mme. Fallières is queen knows nothing about art; it takes its opinions wholesale from the society which wears coronets on its handkerchief, and holds its head very high, even though it has to sit down to a frugal repast of potatoes and pork.

Principals in the Stalls

There is no particular scandal in the air, unless it be Henri Bataille's new play, *Le Scandale*, which has given Guitry a success at the Renaissance almost equal to *Samson* and *Le Voleur*. Those who are privileged to take a peep behind the scenes in Paris and were present at the *répétition générale* of this piece might have noticed an elegant lady seated beside a not inelegant husband listening intently to every word of the play. They knew the plot. It had been taken from real life, and they were the principal actors. She, young, romantic, and beautiful, had deceived her

INFANT DON FERDINAND — KING ALFONSO — COMTE DEL GROVE

King Alfonso Walking in the Streets of Madrid, greatly to the delight and edification of the small boys. On the King's right is the Infant don Ferdinand, on his left Comte del Grove

Happily Restored to Health

HIS MAJESTY CHATS WITH THE MASTER OF THE HUNT AT BIARRITZ

The Biarritz Hounds are a well-established pack, conducted nearly on English lines, under the Mastership of M. Fernand Dufaure, with whom the King is conversing. Foxes are hunted on two days a week, and on a third there is a drag hunt, which is held in much favour by the hard riders of Bayonne and Biarritz. In the spring season the pack has a large and fashionable following

husband and been forgiven. And, judging from her appearance the other evening, she looked rather proud of herself.

Mendès Last Play

King Edward is expected, when passing through Paris this week, to see Réjane's new play, *The Empress*—the last work of M. Catulle Mendès. There is always something touching in a work produced after an author's death, and Mme. Catulle Mendès, who has helped at all the rehearsals, and Réjane have spared no pains to make the piece a success.

Jean de Reszke, Prince Roland Bonaparte, Prince Murat, and Edouard Detaille have all helped her in her researches for the *décor* of the period, only the famous portrait of the Countess Walewska, by Girard, could not be found till two days before the *répétition générale*, when the costumes were all made. But Mme. Réjane did not hesitate to begin again, and costumes have been produced exactly like the original portrait. For twenty years Catulle Mendès worked at his story of the love of the beautiful Countess Walewska and the great Napoleon and its tragic ending. The piece is clever and beautifully written, in spite of historical inaccuracies, and it seems sad indeed that Catulle Mendès should not have lived to see this, his best and favourite work, receiving the praise it deserves. Mme. Réjane, although still a great actress, is not the great actress she was. She is getting *passée*. As the *Countess Walewska* she has many opportunities, but she will never again be a *Madame Sans Gêne*.

The Newest Academician

Eugène Brieux's election to the Academy still calls forth a great deal of comment, for it seems to have come as a great surprise to many. Why have Porto-Riche and Capus not been included among the immortals? Porto-Riche has been said to be as great as Corneille—probably an excellent reason for not electing him—and Capus was thought to be in too great a hurry, and not academic enough in his style. Brieux, however, is a man of strong ideas and firm convictions. Most of his plays are sub-acid lectures to Society, combined with cruel exposure of the moral evils of the day. *La Robe Rouge*, which was played in London, has had wonderful influence on the judicial reforms carried out since it was played, but *Les Avariés* was the play that made his name. *Les Hannetons* was also played in London. *Simone*, another of his plays, possesses some of the best bits of drama produced in Paris within the last five or six years. Brieux was the son of a cabinet-maker. His first studies, naturally, did not turn in the direction of *les belles lettres*, and he was the last person one would have expected to become an Academician. He was a failure as a journalist, and it was only by chance he took the path which has led him to "immortality." M. Brieux still retains the habits of a poor and unknown writer. He is often to be seen in one of the Montmartre cafés surrounded by young literary enthusiasts. Honours and money have not spoilt him. His election to the Academy should be at least a passing consolation to all those hungry-looking literary aspirants who live in Montmartre.

THE DREADSCOPE: GERMAN DESIGNS ON THE PLANETS?

The above is a photograph of a great telescope fixed on the new Observatory at Treptow, in Berlin, at a cost of £12,500. Its ostensible purpose is "scientific"—to detect objects in Mars, with a view to discovering if there be any settlements of "human beings." It is not likely, however, that the intelligent Martians will be deluded into believing in the innocence of the German intentions. Without doubt, the telescope is intended for espionage, and when surveys are completed, there is but little doubt that an invasion will be immediately attempted by Count Zeppelin and a fleet of dirigibles

The American Colony at Naples Greets Mr. Roosevelt

Behind the ex-President is the American Ambassador at Rome, Mr. Griscom. Mr. Roosevelt's journey to the happy African hunting grounds threatens to be as ceremonial as the State progress of an Eastern potentate

Unlucky Clemenceau

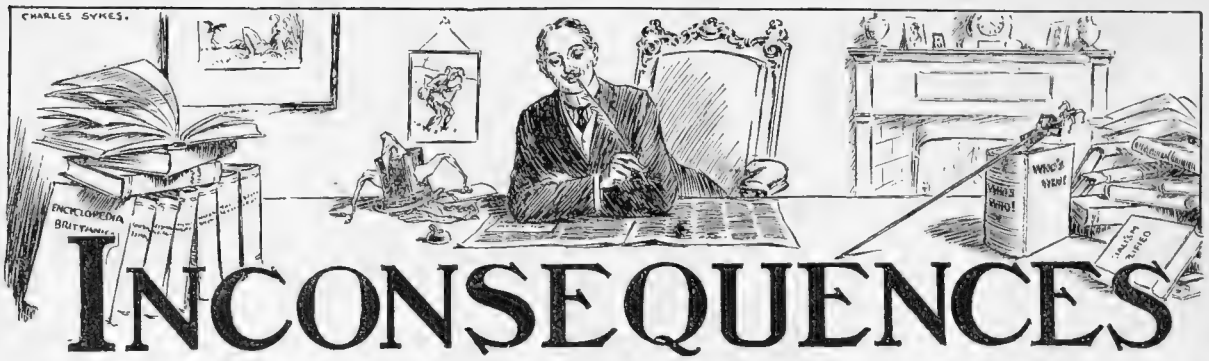
Except for these few alterations the rest of Paris goes on as usual. Perhaps next week it will be occupied with some new fashion—something really new (not one of those timid experiments of the last few days) to be produced at the *vernissage* of the Beaux Arts. But at present few think of anything but threats of labour riots and general strikes, revolution, and all kinds of exaggeration. Things do look black, but not as black as they are painted. Everybody seems to be disgusted with the Ministry and the Republic, and poor Clemenceau, who is doing better than anyone else could probably have done, is reaping a crop he did not sow, and gets nothing but blame! If there were only a decent head of a decent party with a decent programme! But what is the use of going into the realm of the impossible? The visit of Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, in spite of its strict incognito, is sure to brighten up the Gay Capital.

Autocratic Pataud

Paris is once more a monarchy, and the autocrat who rules today is as arbitrary as any ruler in her history, for he holds not the sceptre, but the electric switch in his hand, and at his command Paris is plunged in alternate light or darkness. "Let there be light and there was light," and in this imitation of the Almighty Emile Pataud has, of course, brought himself very much into the light of public opinion. M. Pataud is typical of the best class of French artisan; quiet, collected, deft-fingered, and far-seeing, he unites with an inherent spirit of irreverence for the powers that be a remarkable degree of political and theatrical acumen. Two years ago he was an obscure artisan, known only to his employers and fellow-workmen, the Paris electricians, as intelligent, able, and hard-working. His first opportunity came four years ago, when his fellow electricians elected him secretary of the two Unions then existing. His grasp of affairs and intelligence had already singled him out, and now his powers of organisation and initiative had scope. Under his control the two existing and ineffective unions were united and formed into one thoroughly organised and effective body. This done, he proceeded to amalgamate with the new Unions that of the non-technical staff, the clerks, collectors, inspectors, etc. So that all, in place of being divided and in many cases opposed to each other, are now united under one flag, and have sworn allegiance to the autocrat who enforces his demands not at the point of the sword, but by the still more drastic powers of darkness.

A Born Leader

In appearance he is of medium height, thick-set, with close-cropped bullet head, and features which only the eyes, keen and brown, redeem from the commonplace. He is much given to the *blague* which is so characteristic of the Paris workman, and he is no orator. But he is a born leader of men. Quick to see and grasp the situation, he is no less quick to appeal to the sentiment of the crowd, and in this way he arrests and holds attention. Such is the man whom his fellows greet as "King" Pataud, and whom Parliament is likely to send to prison in the interests of peace.



INCONSEQUENCES

There is more land going cheap. An apartments advertisement column offers "Eastbourne, sea front, 42*s*."

* * *

Health hint for explorers in West Africa—get away from West Africa as soon as possible. (From our expert.)

* * *

Clerical support has been given to the great button-makers' strike near Paris. There is a feeling in ecclesiastical circles that a rise in the price of buttons would tend to increase the value of church collections.

* * *

Greater freedom for lunatics is the advice of a report of the Lunacy Commissioners. Why not form a corps for maniacs in the Territorials?

* * *

We read that the enthusiastic motorist, when thrown back on the horsed carriage, finds half the zest of life gone. Whereas those in the horsed carriage sometimes find life gone itself when thrown forward on to the motor-car.

* * *

In accordance with an old tradition eggs were distributed at Easter at a German theatre to the audience by the management. There is an equally interesting old custom in this country of a reverse presentation which still survives in places.

* * *

"Admirably written" is the *Daily Mail's* generous criticism of *The School for Scandal* — a play which, we cannot deny, has had some measure of success, and in places, indeed, shows promise. Another effective little thing is a piece called, we think, *She Stoops to Conquer*. There are many excellent lines, however, in *Hamlet*—a drama by an author dead some years since. Go and see it.

* * *

In its hygienic directions to its lady typists the War Office tells them that "short sleeves and transparent lace fronts are dangerous traps." So much so, that many of the male clerks have been caught by them.

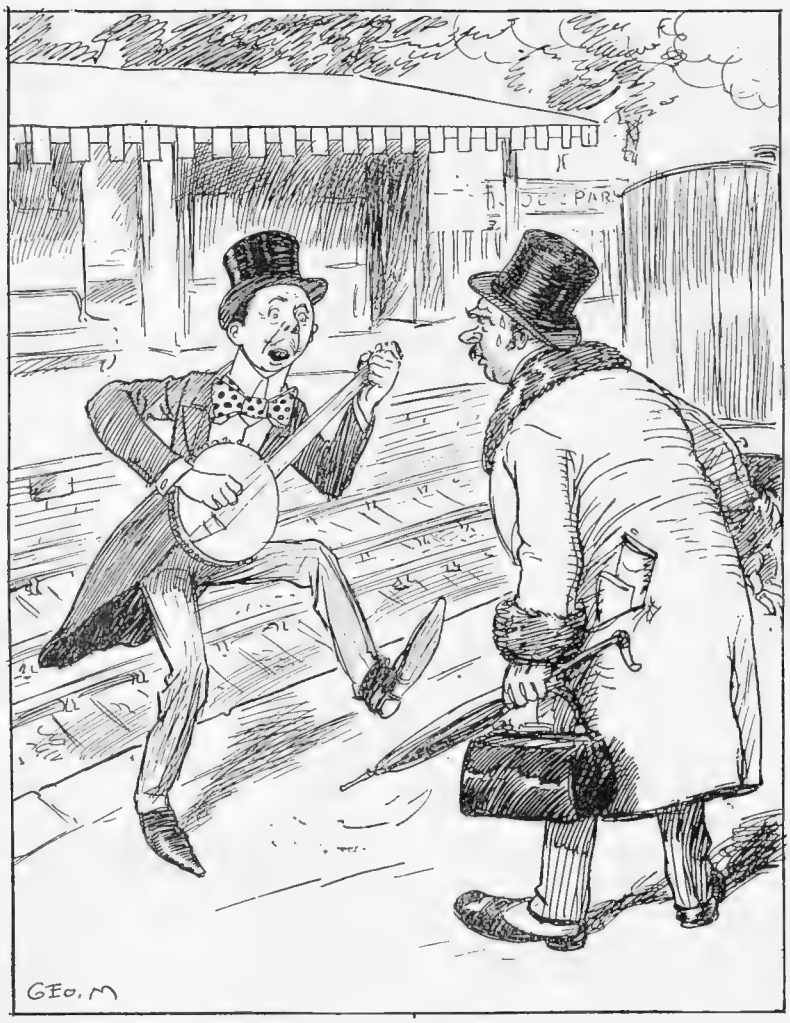
* * *

At the Battersea Borough Council a lady explained that "Mothers are the only animals who do not bring up their young by instinct." So few other animals except mothers have any young that the fact gives but a gloomy outlook for the future of the race.

* * *

Our belief in the purity of public life and the incorruptibility of our citizens is rudely shaken by the announcement of the London Flour Millers' Association fixing the market price of "town households" at thirty-five shillings.

WORK FOR THE GENTEEL UNEMPLOYED—NO. 4

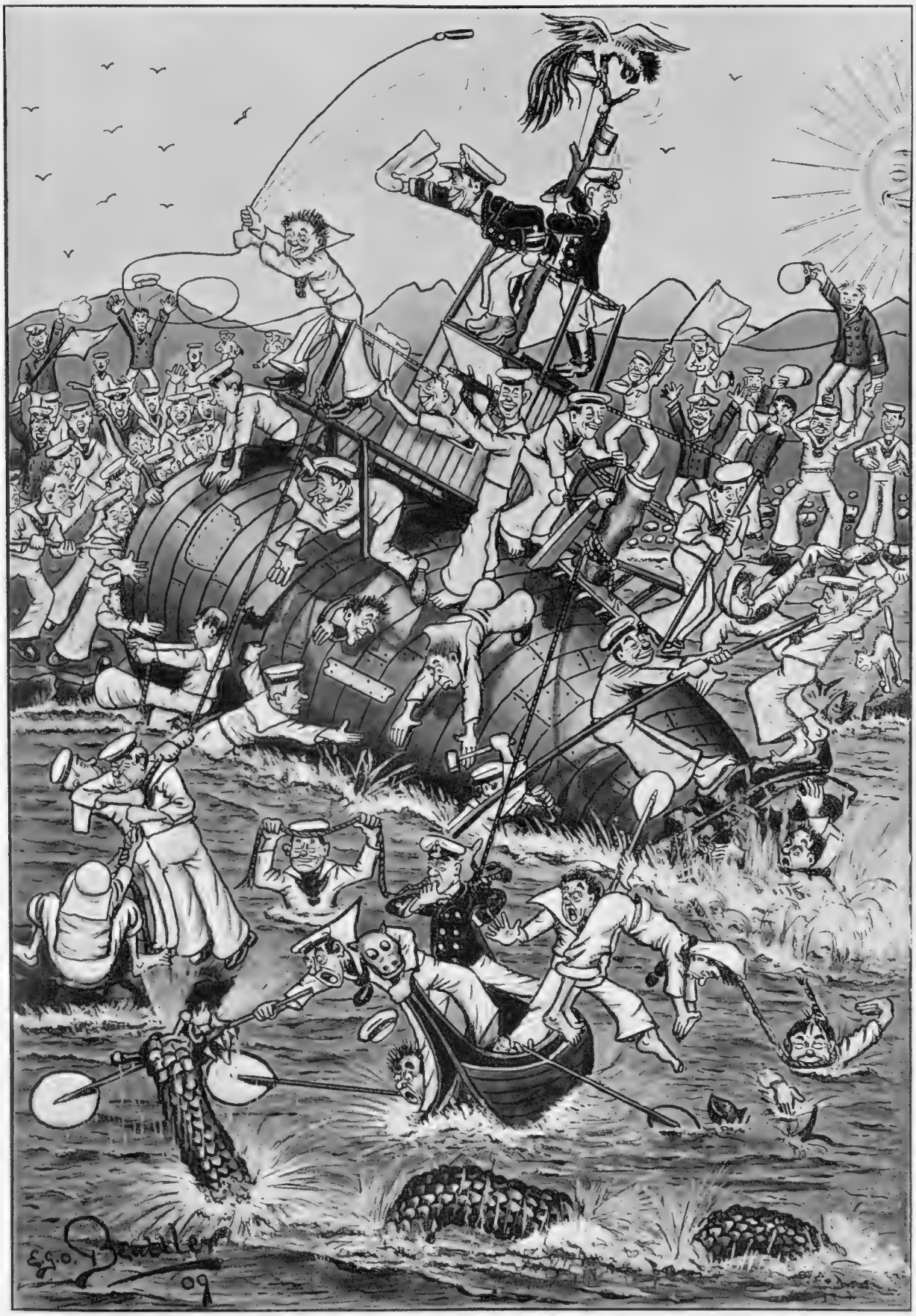


The railway companies might employ entertainers to soothe passengers who have missed their train

BY GEORGE MORROW

Forgotten Feats of the British Navy

No. 3.—LIEUT. ULYSSES, R.N., VISITS ANOTHER WORLD—THE FIRST SUBMARINE



THE FIRST SUBMARINE OFF TO THE LAND OF THE CIMMERIAN MEN

THE NARRATIVE *(carefully revised)*.—It is not quite fair to credit Jonah with the only pre-modern essay at undersea travel. When Lieut. Ulysses, R.N., visited the land where the two rivers of the dead meet, in order to cut the throats of his two favourite black sheep (ship's pets and precursors of the Beresford bull-dogs) there is every reason to believe that he voyaged in some form of submarine vessel

No. IV. Next Week] *BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER*

The Lust for Speed: Motor

ON LAND: THE BROOKLANDS BANK HOLIDAY MEETING

An Early Stage of the Four-Inch Race

This contest was the event of the afternoon at the Bank Holiday meeting at Weybridge. It resolved itself into a tussle between the De Dion and Darracq cars, the other three entrants being hopelessly out of the race

The Brooklands Open Four-Inch Race

Mr. W. V. Jolley on a De Dion (winner) passing Mr. G. Vidler on a Darracq. It was a magnificent race between these two cars, the Darracq only losing by 4 4-5th sec.

Racing by Land and Sea

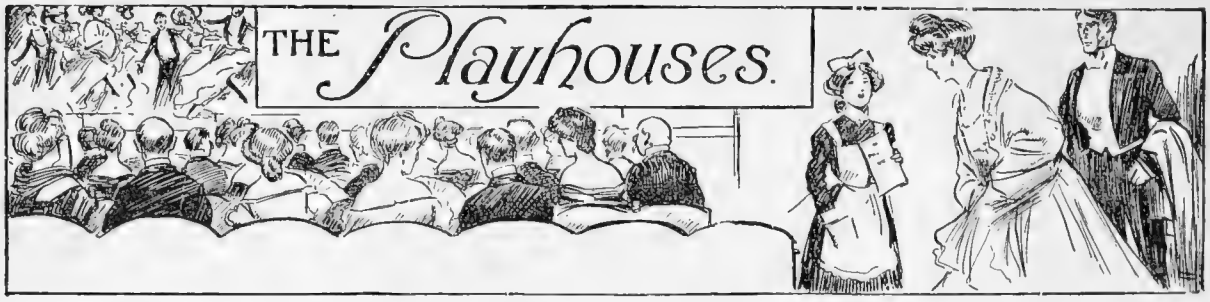
ON SEA: MARINE MOTORING AT MONACO

"Gyrinus II." Winning the Prix de la Méditerranée

The *Gyrinus II.* got away and led from the start, a position she never relinquished, winning the race in grand style a good way ahead of all the other boats. The win of the English boat was immensely popular with everyone, the French being as enthusiastic as the English

The Championship of the Sea: Some of the Competitors

It was a grand sight to see the nineteen starters getting into position for the start, and as the gun fired cross the line together. Before half a round of the course had been run they straggled out into a long line, the *Chantecler* taking the lead, and winning easily



HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Eighteenth-Century Atmosphere

The new theatrical season began very brilliantly with Mr. Tree's charming revival of *The School for Scandal*. The eighteenth century, its point of view, its wit, the decoration and furniture of its houses, the dresses and the follies and fashions of the time, its quality and sentiment, have never been so fully appreciated and understood as at the present day. Thus it is no easy matter to stage and dress and act this classic comedy of Sheridan's without some clashing with the critic of Georgian days and ways. But the management of His Majesty's has met the difficulties of production with complete success. Never has this agreeable play had so convincing and genuine a setting, never have the space and leisure, the grace and folly of Georgian society had so careful a presentation on the stage.

A New Generation

It is recognised that theatrical audiences renew their youth very frequently, and that there is a fresh generation at least every ten years. The dialogue of *The School* was so warmly appreciated that I fancy many of the vast house at the *première* were seeing it for the first time. It was evident that the audience was mainly interested in the play and players of the moment, and was not indulging in memories of other actors and earlier productions; each performer was welcomed for her, or him, self alone, and all did well. At the end of a long evening Mr. Tree congratulated the young actors and the old actors, and apologised for the old furniture. An antique Chippendale settee had suddenly rejected its rather modern casters and caused a little unrehearsed amusement. There were other trifling accidents and a general slowness, but the revival was a great success as a whole.

All the Stars

It is of no importance, of course, but I happen to have seen every Lady Teazle since Mr. John Manners played that part at the Cambridge A.D.C. in the year eighteen hundred and dot, and have followed that lady's fortunes through a long line of Lyttons, Cavendishes, Vaughans, Langtrys, Campbells, and a dozen others, even unto Miss Emery of 1900, and the Haymarket. Each and every Lady Teazle I have known has been rich in beauty and personal charm. None has possessed the delicate, naturally naughty

Photo *Reutlinger*

Beauty and the Beast

Mme. Colette Willy, a Parisian idol, who is determined, if possible, to eclipse the photographic celebrity of London's musical comedy pets She has adopted the above pose in the plaintive belief that it is entirely original

MR. TREE'S NOTABLE REVIVAL AT HIS MAJESTY'S

BY NORMAN MORROW

freshness of Miss Marie Löhr; none has been so fully dowered with the lively, dominating, pleasingly wicked lure of youth. Here and there in the complex character Miss Löhr failed for lack of experience, but she was always such a Lady Teazle as might have been. The Sir Peter of Mr. Tree is a most welcome and pleasing human personage. I am glad to say he is about fifty years of age, and when the play is ended is evidently going to be happy ever after, like a good hero. Throughout, but especially in the screen scene, he held the audience by a display of power unusual in the Sir Peters of old. He is a charming man of the world —with the limitations of temper not unusual in that type. Mr. Henry Neville, as Sir Oliver, may be said to have led the "Old Guard" with an excellent performance in the manner of the elder school. The small part of Moses was made delightful by the skill of Mr. Lionel Brough. The Charles of Mr. Loraine will be very popular; he is so lively, flamboyant, merry, and tender. His wig is absolutely the right thing for a "blood" of about 1767; but, incidentally, it is unbecoming. His actions, his facial play, his ready smile and laugh, are light and youthful and personal. The intonations of his voice remind one again and again of Sir Charles Wyndham —pleasantly enough, but unconvincingly.

Basil Gill's Success

The Joseph Surface of Mr. Basil Gill has not been so warmly praised as it deserves. Just as Mr. Tree humanises Sir Peter, so Mr. Gill takes a little of the unpleasantness out of Joseph and his dark, impossible "asides." He looks extremely handsome, and if ever an eighteenth-century man of fashion could marry an heiress I'm sure it would be the elder Surface. Crabtree was excellently played by Mr. Edward Terry. His work was true and convincing, and he held the attention of the house more fully than has any Crabtree of my time. His nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite, was treated by Mr. Esmond with considerable freedom. I suppose the actor is at liberty to make any sort of ass he likes of such a character, but in this case, it seems to me, the accomplished player exceeds his license. Mr. Esmond is so clever that, granted his conception is true, his repulsive Sir Benjamin is a genuine masterpiece; but then I don't believe this is the sort of worldling that Sheridan drew.

A Charming Scandalmonger

The Mrs. Candour of Miss Suzanne Sheldon is a *tour de force* in old comedy—if there be a fault, it is that she makes this particular scandalmonger a little too charming—it would be a pleasure to leave one's character behind with her, as Sir Peter says. The intrigue in which the heiress Maria plays so important a part never touches the audience very fully, but Miss Wiehe looked very pretty and sympathetic. The first impression of Miss Ellis Jeffreys as Lady Sneerwell was admirable, but, as with some of the other actors, the passage of the long four acts robbed her performance of some of its attraction. All the lesser parts, such as Rowley of Mr. Hermann Vezin, Snake of Mr. Hearn, were perfectly in the picture, and aided in no small degree the general effect of a production which should be historical. Were it not that Mr. Tree appears to withdraw his plays in the hey-day of their success, I should imagine that *The School for Scandal* will delight Londoners for many months to come, for I can think of no class of playgoer who will not enjoy its varying humours and accomplished acting.

TERRY'S THEATRE

"Artful Miss Dearing"

The gaiety and light but cutting satire of Mr. Arthur Law's dialogue in the comedy of *Artful Miss Dearing* easily carried its somewhat too ingenious and complicated plot to a successful issue. You know when Mr. Law sets out to find the charming Miss Annie Hughes a really good "Country Mouse" part, he is not likely to fail. He knows the measure of the lady's gifts perfectly, and the result, in this case, is an admirable fit. The opening act shows the inner working of a Society household, the heads of which live by their wits. Miss Granville as Lady Gertrude Dawley has a very pretty wit too. Just at the moment she is running Lady Bun (Miss Kate Phillips), who wishes to get into the great world, without being noticed too much when she gets there. One of Lady Gertrude's ideas is to spell the name Bunne, and rhyme it with June. The social satire that arises from this side of the play is fresh and engaging, but, of course, the Miss Dearing is of main importance. This shy and sly governess soon develops into a remarkably acute young lady, who sees through the plots and plans of the other characters—and even through the involved plot provided by Mr. Law—and turns them all to her own advantage.

Aristocracy and Forgery

Mr. Paul Arthur represents a rather doubtful character in a very spirited and cheery way. On the programme he appears as the Hon. Alaric Dawley, who has just returned from Portland after three years of "the rest cure" for affairs of autographical inexactitude or forgery. As a matter of fact, the character is eventually proved to be the Hon. *Gavin* Dawley, afterwards Lord Blossop; but he is a close relation of the more famous Alaric, and possesses his easy art of lying to perfection. In fact, all the characters of the amusing comedy, from the charming girl of seventeen, Arabella (Miss Phyllis Embury), to the cynical Palgrave Dawley (Mr. Somerset), tell terrible stories, and, I fear, if they had their deserts, none would 'scape whipping. But then Mr. Law is an adept in making his non-moral persons highly amusing. And if Miss Dearing is satisfied with her Lord Blossop, how can we, who have been so well amused, blame her conduct? In short, with the aid of those actors I have mentioned and the rest of an excellent company, the new management at Terry's starts well. For a crowded house laughed long and loud throughout every moment of all three acts of *Artful Miss Dearing*, and surely that is a happy augury.

EMPIRE. COME INSIDE, New Revue.
A DAY IN PARIS, LYDIA KYASHT, Etc.
WINTER IN HOLLAND. GRAND NATIONAL PICTURES, Etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

Warmer Clothing for Goddesses

PSYCHE, AS SHE APPEARS BEFORE THE PARTICULAR PATRONS OF THE ALHAMBRA

Photo *Bassano*

Mlle. Leonora, as Psyche, in the new ballet of that name produced at the Alhambra on April 6. Needless to say, she makes her appearance more conventionally clad than as depicted by the late Lord Leighton

In this series of drawings, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, whose "Modern Rake's Progress" will be remembered by readers of THE BYSTANDER, *turns his satire on to the Débutante.*

THE EDUCATION

A NEW SERIES OF SOCIAL

LESSON TH

She pays a visit to the dressmaker, and learns

OF A DÉBUTANTE

ATIRES BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

His intention is to depict the various "lessons" learned by her in the course of the season, under the system of education favoured by the fond parent of the present day

E SECOND:

s how truly Art is the handmaid of Nature

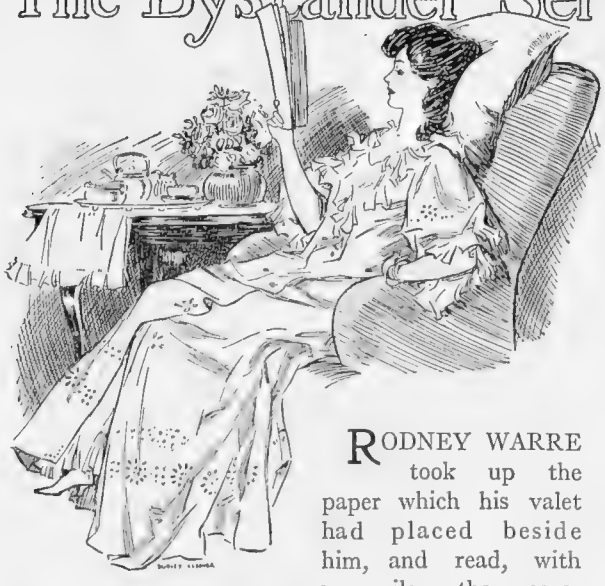
Steaming Across the Andes

A SCENE IN THE VAST MOUNTAIN REGION OVER WHICH IS TO RUN A BRITISH-BUILT RAILWAY

Photo] OROYA RAILWAY BRIDGE ON THE SUBLIME INFURNILLO GORGE, PERU *[H. C. White and Co.*

This glimpse of the only railway which at present crosses the Andes is interesting in view of the fact that the Chilian Government has commissioned the British firm of Sir John Jackson, Ltd., to construct, at a cost of £3,000,000, a line across the Andes from Arica, in Chile, to La Paz, in Bolivia. When completed, it will be the highest railway in the world. Its construction is not expected to prove injurious to the older line, which crosses the Andes more to the south

The "Bystander" Series of Short Stories



THE KING'S MESSENGER

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

RODNEY WARRE took up the paper which his valet had placed beside him, and read, with a smile, the paragraph at the top of the page:

Mr. R. Warre, a King's Messenger, sustained an accident yesterday, at Richmond, while playing golf, and is now suffering from a sprained wrist and injured ankle which will necessitate his resting for some days.

"Beastly bad luck, eh, Manders?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir." Manders shot a quick glance at him, and added, "Just in the very nick of time, sir, as you might say."

Rodney's smile deepened to a laugh.

"I haven't taken you in," he said. "I'm afraid the dramatic talent is latent in me, Manders. My dress rehearsal is evidently a failure."

"The door happened to be ajar when you cut yourself shaving this morning, sir, and I was standing just outside."

"Oh!" said Rodney, enlightened. "I did a little war-dance in my bandages, I remember. Well, I mustn't leave any more doors ajar. But you will have to come to Paris with me, Manders, as a crutch."

The valet looked pleased. It was the first time he had had the chance of travelling with Rodney on official business. "When do we start, sir?" he asked.

"In half an hour. We take the nine o'clock from Charing Cross."

There was a ring at the outer door of his chambers at this moment, and Manders went to answer it, discreetly closing the sitting-room door.

Rodney heard a vague murmur, and then came an impetuous turn of the handle. An instant later the door was flung open, and an eager figure hurried in.

"My dear Lucia!" he exclaimed, and sprang to his feet.

But two lovely eyes, with the shimmer of tears in them, flashed into his, and two small, resolute hands pressed him back into his chair.

"Don't dare to get up—oh, Rodney, you poor boy! I felt so anxious about you, I had to come and see how bad it was. How did you manage it?"

"It's only a sprain," he answered; "and you ought not to have come, Lucia."

"Ought not!" she echoed impatiently. "I am sick of the sound of those words. Whenever I really want to do anything it always turns out to be something I ought not to."

"That shows what a wicked little person you are!"

"Does it? I think it shows what a burden this wretched money is to me, and how much happier I should be without it. If people are poor they can do what they like, it seems to me. No one bothers."

"Still, poverty has its own drawbacks. And what would Mrs. Lascelles say if she could see you at this moment?"

"She won't know I came. I told my maid I was going to the *Times* Book Club. So I shall; I'll go there presently. Besides, Mrs. Lascelles isn't my keeper. I'm rather tired of having a chaperon at all. Why need I?"

"Because you are the rich Miss Clarke, and must have a sheep-dog to bark at marauders and adventurers."

"Look here, Rodney, I have made up my mind to give the whole of my legacy to some deserving charity, and work for my own living. Will you cut me if I do?"

"I shall suggest your being put into a lunatic asylum," Warre said, smiling indulgently.

Lucia looked away for a moment, and then asked softly, "Would you like me less—or more—if I was poor, I wonder?"

He caught her hand in his with an involuntary gesture.

"Don't tempt me," he said, under his breath. "You know what I should say to you if you were poor."

"I *am* poor," she whispered, "and—and miserable. Money isn't everything. One can be rich with nothing a year."

"Then you care?" he asked.

She nodded.

"And what would your guardian say?"

"Heaps of things. But I shouldn't listen."

"He would say Rodney Warre is a fortune-hunter. He waited to come forward until you suddenly became an heiress. How would you answer that, Lucia—even to your own heart?"

"There was the night at Olympia," she murmured, "when I fell down and you picked me up."

He laughed. "Yes, I forgot myself then for a moment, I confess. And I should have said more that night if I hadn't been going to Servia the next day."

"It was a dangerous mission, you mean?"

"A bit risky—yes. And when I came back, safe and sound, I read in the papers that the little girl I loved had come into a pot of money—so that ended

(All rights strictly reserved)

it. If your great-uncle had waited a week longer in the world, things would have been different."

"Well, they are going to be different anyhow," she said resolutely. "Rodney, you won't go on any more dangerous missions, will you?" She put her hand up to his shoulder, and her eyes searched his face.

"I am an errand-boy," he answered. "I go where I am sent."

"But you can't go anywhere just now," she said triumphantly. "You are tied by the leg—poor leg and wrist!" She touched the bandage that swathed it with the tips of her fingers. "I am sorry for your accident, Rodney, but—it keeps you here."

"I'm afraid it's not serious enough," he said, rising; "and, as a matter of fact, Lucia, I am due to start in five minutes."

She looked the picture of dismay.

"But you can't go," she protested. "I won't let you. They must send someone else instead."

He stooped and, for the first time, kissed her. They were silent for a moment after that, and then she said pleadingly, "Don't go, Rodney. It's so hard—just now."

"I will come back," he answered.

"To *me?*"

"To you. We must try and overcome the barrier. Perhaps, if I get promotion——. Will you see me off at Charing Cross?"

"May I? I should love to come."

"Come, then. We will disregard conventionality for once." He rang the bell. "Bring me my coat—the fur-lined one, Manders—and get a taxi. Is the luggage ready?"

"Quite ready, sir. Will you have your box, sir?"

"Yes, I'll take that myself." Manders handed the despatch-box and retired, reappearing in a moment to say that the taxi was at the door. They went down together, Lucia shy and yet radiant with the unhoped-for happiness that had just come to her, Rodney occupied only with the business of the moment.

As they drove off, a man standing at the corner of a side-street watched them closely.

"Looks like the genuine thing," he muttered; "not a fake, after all." And he signalled a passing motor-cab and drove after them.

At the station, Rodney, limping to his carriage, said to Lucia, "I want you to promise me something. If you should, by chance, hear anything about me during the next twenty-four hours that seems unusual or alarming, don't take any notice of it. It won't be true, whatever it is."

The colour ebbed a little from her cheeks.

"You are going to do something dangerous," she exclaimed. "Oh, Rodney, for my sake won't you be careful?"

"I will be more than careful," he said reassuringly. "I will take two precautions everywhere, instead of one, or none. Don't worry about me—that's my last word!"

But she looked worried all the same, and the man who had driven after them to the station noticed, as he stood loafing near, the distress in her face, and felt confirmation of his previous surmise.

He emphasised this in a code telegram which he despatched as the train glided out of the station, while Lucia, walking slowly out, lifted her handkerchief to her eyes and brushed away the tears that would come. It was hard to lose him just when, after weeks of uncertainty and distance, the gap between them had been bridged over!

She made up her mind that if he returned safely from this mission she would use all her influence to get him out of this branch of the diplomatic service. For rumour whispered that Rodney had more than once had narrow shaves in the carrying of his despatches, and was marked by one or two political secret agencies as a quarry who had already baffled them too often.

Meanwhile, Rodney, shut into a first-class carriage with his valet, was saying, "Now look here, Manders, I want you to obey me and to trust me implicitly. I promise you shan't be run into any danger, whatever happens. But I happen to know that this despatch I am carrying is one of so much importance that certain friends over the water will risk a lot to see it. I know more. I know that they *mean* to see it, and, if it contains what they think, possibly to destroy it. The delay will be a gain to them in any case, so I want you to help me to get through with it."

Manders's impassive face had brightened with a gleam of excitement. For once he had forgotten he was that automaton—a well-trained manservant—and was a man, enjoying a bit of spice in his homely *tranche de vie*.

"I don't care if there is danger, sir," he said. "It would make a welcome change. You've only to give me your orders. I'll carry them out faithfully."

It was not until they were in the express from Calais to Paris that Rodney unfolded his full plan, however, and he was in the midst of his final directions when the train slowed down for Amiens.

At this precise moment he was seized with an attack of faintness, and, as they entered the station, Manders, leaning out, signalled to the guard, and told him rapidly that his master had been taken ill and was unable to proceed further on the journey.

Together they assisted the almost-unconscious form from the train, and handed him over to one of the hotel *chasseurs*, with directions to get him as quickly as possible to a room where he could lie down, and, if necessary, see a doctor.

"He had a nasty fall yesterday," explained the valet anxiously, "and I expect it's done him more harm than we knew. I must go on to Paris to get the luggage out, but I'll be back with him by the night train."

Rodney said nothing; he was obviously feeling too ill to worry about the untimely interruption to his mission, and, for the first time in his career, was content to let chance play into the hands of his opponents.

The valet, evidently distracted with the suddenness of this untoward occurrence, leant out of the window as the train left Amiens and watched the *chasseur* and two porters assisting the figure in the fur coat, with the bandaged wrist and ankle, across the platform; then, as distance hid them, sank back with a murmur of relief. His duty was plainly before him.

All he had to do now was to convey the despatch-box across Paris to the Embassy, transfer it to the safe keeping of the Ambassador, and retrace his journey to Amiens.

On his arrival at the Gare du Nord, he took the despatch-box in his right hand and his own somewhat shabby valise in the other, and made his way to the Salle des Baggages, where, as soon as the luggage was passed, he had it conveyed to the cloak-room, saying

(*Continued on page 136*

Another April Bride

A WEDDING TO BE SOLEMNISED AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS SHEILA COOPER

Daughter of Sir Alfred Cooper, of Ossemsley Manor, Christchurch, who is to be married on the 28th inst. to Mr. F. G. Crompton, late of the Queen's Bays, son of the late Mr. George Crompton, of Stanton Hall, Notts

(*Continued from page 134*)

that he should want it out for the 9.10 Calais train that night.

His French was very halting—in fact, it consisted of a few broken words pronounced in the usual English fashion; and as a polite stranger, passing by, came to his assistance as interpreter, Manders accepted his help readily, and, relieved at finding that the obliging foreigner could also speak fluent English, explained that he wanted to be sure of getting his luggage out that evening as he had to return to his master, who had been taken ill at Amiens.

The stranger was politely interested and sympathetic, and, in answer to Manders's inquiry as to how he could best reach the English Embassy, suggested an automobile, and said he would give the driver full directions.

It was at this climax of affairs that Manders, busy putting away his cloak-room ticket in an inner pocket, laid the despatch-box down at his feet for one moment, and, in reply to a gesture from the Frenchman, who had gone on a few paces to speak to the chauffeur, signalled that he was just coming.

Then he stooped for the box. It was gone! The small black leather case, with the letters "E.R." on it, which meant so much in European politics, had vanished into thin air.

Manders gazed round him in the stupefaction of despair. The Frenchman returned, inquired what had happened, learnt the catastrophe, and again busied himself in explaining matters to the officials.

After an excited conversation of some length, and several interviews with heads of departments and *commissaires de police*, together with abundant declarations and signatures, the box suddenly turned up, having been found in a corner of the platform by a porter. Manders, overjoyed at its recovery, hurried to his automobile, escorted to the last by his faithful friend, and departed for the Embassy in a state of mixed prostration and jubilation.

And the foreigner, with a smile on his face, and the hint of a shrug in his shoulders, departed in an opposite direction.

But as the automobile drove rapidly towards the Faubourg St. Honoré, Manders, pulling himself together, unlocked the box with a key attached to his watch-chain.

The box was empty; not a single paper remained.

Then he chuckled softly to himself, drew out a sealed packet from his overcoat pocket, and, dropping it into the box, locked it with a triumphant snap.

His interview at the Embassy lasted only a quarter of an hour, and when he emerged a look of entire satisfaction had spread over his face.

At the station he enjoyed an excellent dinner, followed by a *chasse* and a cigar, and at ten minutes past nine, having collected his luggage, departed for Amiens.

A figure in an astrakan-lined coat limped along the platform to his carriage and was assisted in by a porter and the *chasseur* who had taken charge of him in the morning. And ten minutes later, as the train got under weigh and slowly left the station, Rodney Warre burst into a gay laugh.

"I'll have my coat back again, and we can dispense with the bandage altogether," he said. "It was neatly done, Manders. Did you find it easy to keep up your part?"

"Quite easy, sir. I had a good tea and a good sleep, and as there was an Englishman in the hotel bureau, I had no trouble over paying the bill and getting away."

"Well, I thoroughly enjoyed myself in your coat and hat," Rodney said; "the beggars were on my trail, as I thought, Manders, only the fellow put on to do the job didn't know me by sight. I guessed they wouldn't risk my recognising a familiar face. The Amiens idea took them in completely. I was the valet, so they believed, and the missing messenger had been left behind, ill. An accomplice got hold of the box all right—I took care he should do that—and removed the bogus papers. Then he let me have it back, and I drove off to the Embassy with it and put the despatch in its place on the way! But remember, Manders, it's all a State secret. You must keep your own counsel about it.

"I had a special reason this time for wanting to get through without any trouble or broken skin; otherwise I shouldn't have masqueraded. They meant to have what they were after; and if I hadn't made it easy for them at the station, there would have been a collision to my automobile—or something equally unpleasant. You see, Manders, I had to have an accident as an excuse for taking you with me at all. And if they hadn't believed I was you, they wouldn't have been taken in when I set the box down—they would have guessed I was aware of their projects, and had got the despatch hidden somewhere else. One can't be too crafty in these little diplomatic courses. I'm obliged to you for your help, and you shan't lose by it."

"That's all right, sir," rejoined Manders, as he packed the bandages away in his valise and resumed his overcoat. "I haven't enjoyed myself so much for a long time. I should be ready to do it again to-morrow."

The newspapers next morning had a paragraph stating that Mr. Rodney Warre had been taken ill on the way to Paris and was obliged to remain at Amiens to recover.

A frantic note from Lucia arrived early by express messenger, begging for instant news of him; and he answered it in a few words: "All right. Coming to you now. We will brave your guardian together."

And on the way to this rendezvous he called at the Foreign Office to report himself.

"How's this, Warre?" asked his chief, eyeing him with disfavour. "What happened to you? Where's your despatch?"

"On its way to Constantinople by now," answered Rodney. "It was handed over in Paris yesterday."

"You sent it on by someone else. That won't do, Warre. This is a very serious matter for you."

"I think not, sir," Rodney smiled. "I gave it in myself."

"But how about Amiens?" The Chief touched the newspaper lying on the table.

"I hope you don't believe every word of the daily papers, sir. That was a little precaution."

The Chief's answering smile showed his relief.

"You are pretty smart, Warre," he conceded. "We won't forget you presently."

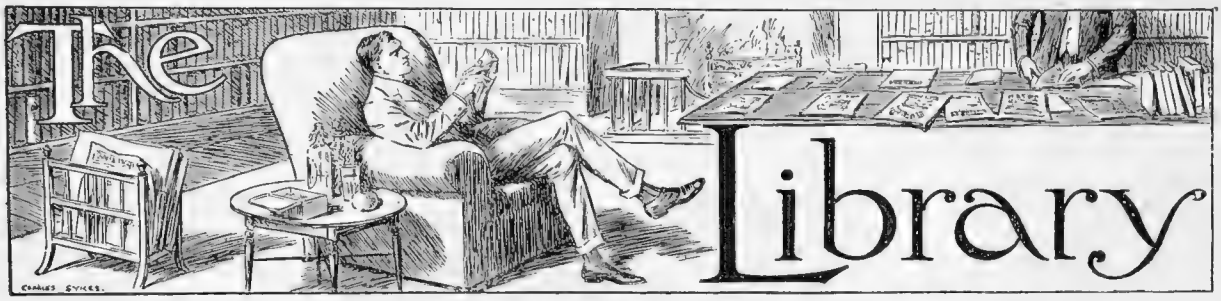
And Rodney went on to his interview with Lucia and her trustee, light-heartedly.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

DIVING—QUITE A DIVERSION

THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED DIVING TANK AT WHALE ISLAND

It has glass windows at the side, so that the young novice in diving may have the assurance that he is never lost sight of. The first picture was taken off Southsea Beach when an officers' diving class was being held



THE NEW WAY OF LIFE—AND LETTERS

The Phrase of the Moment

The literary episode of the moment is the placing into circulation of a forceful phrase, "A new way of life." It greeted the average man first on Easter Monday in the leading article of a popular newspaper, which had derived it from the *Spectator*, which, in its turn, had borrowed it from the *Fortnightly*. Whatever its origin, however, there it is, and I think it has come, for a while, to stay. It is the "moral" of the naval crisis. "We shall have to meet it," said the *Fortnightly* writer, "not by battleships alone, but by a new way of life," which, according to the *Spectator*, means that "we have got to change a certain light-heartedness, a complacency of temper that has lately marked our people, in the easy belief that everyone must admire and respect our good intentions. We have got in future to face the world, not as we should like it to be, but as it is—the world of blood and iron."

The Press the Real Culprit

With these last sentiments everybody will agree who gives the smallest consideration to the actualities of things, which it is not here my province to discuss. The literary aspect of the question is concerned with the phrase I have quoted, for, obviously, if there is to be a new way of life, there must also be a new way of letters, and the new way is—the old way! What is this light-heartedness and complacency of which the *Spectator* speaks as a national characteristic? That it comes out of the heart of the people of this country I, for one, as a lover of my England, resolutely refuse to admit. The whole of our history and our literature rises up in protest against the accusation. If we have one permanent national characteristic, it is seriousness. The Victorian era is a standing monument to it, in politics, literature, and everything that really matters. When a halfpenny newspaper points the way to greater seriousness, one is bound, indignantly, to ask, "Who led us away from it?" If the irresponsibility of the national mind of our day has one prime cause it is the halfpenny newspaper. It came in welcomely as a spark of relief from a century's seriousness; it developed into a conflagration. With the success of the *Daily Mail*, journalistic tradition collapsed. The newspaper reader's fancy was played upon with consummate skill; the world was never allowed to look like the same place for two successive issues. High politics one day, low crime the next. On Monday the world is all wars and rumours of wars, on Tuesday—Miss Tootsie Lightfoot has eloped with a lordling. But memory fails to recall all the changing sensations which have been administered to us the past ten years. Suffice it to say that if the public mind has become gelatinised, patriotism made flabby, and national effort towards higher things stultified, the responsibility rests with the halfpenny newspapers, which, to make themselves popular, have played fast and loose with duty. It is they who, by their emphasis of the unessential, their dismissal of the actualities of the world as "dull," have created that very "pot-bellied equanimity" against which they now so noisily declaim.

Our Real Seriousness

To-day is a little late for repentance—and a little early. For the day of reckoning has yet to come. Meanwhile—this new way of life, and, consequently, of letters. What would the *Spectator* have us do? The country possesses its quantum of serious-minded men, neither more nor less, as the publishers' lists only too fully testify. Before me lie heavy volumes on immediate European politics, books dealing with France, Hungary, and Turkey, the Balkans, etc., etc., to mention only a few. These books are none the less weighty because they are readable. In reply to the *Spectator*, serious people will protest that they are precisely the same as they always have been. True, to suit the manner of the period, serious thoughts have been expressed in satiric form; the man with a point of view has sought the epigram rather than the epic for its expression. Truths have been compressed into tabloids; the clown in the play has had all the best lines, the tragedian all the laughs. But the spirit remains the same. What, I suppose, the *Spectator* would have us all do is to change our externals. Very well, then. In this campaign on behalf of appearances, let the newspapers lead the way. The public, as the wealth and rank of their proprietors amply testify, can always be made to follow.

A Suggestion to Newspapers

One practical suggestion on this point, and I have done. Will the penny newspapers, who, desiring to be in the "light-hearted" movement, have adopted halfpenny methods, and have sent to the rightabout the special correspondents in foreign capitals—once their greatest assets—restore these men to their places? For, if there is one prime need in the newspaper of to-day, it is for really well-informed chronicles of life and thought among the nations who, I fear, will so soon be shedding each other's blood. It is just possible that such careful analyses of thought in foreign countries as the special correspondent at Berlin, Vienna, Paris and Rome used once to provide, might do more than anything else to ease the friction of the times, and induce a more tolerant feeling. V. C.

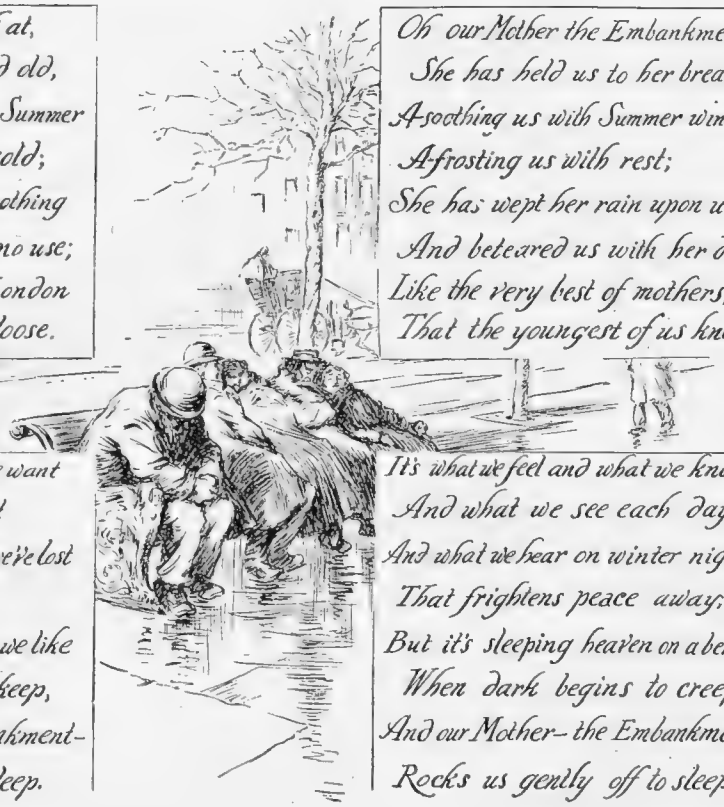
"Songs of the Streets"

No. 5

THE EMBANKMENT

We are never much to look at,
Always shabby, bent and old,
And there ain't no time in Summer
To get warm before it's cold;
And we ain't no good for nothing
'Cause that nothing ain't no use;
We're the little wrecks of London
That are drifting on the loose.

Oh our Mother the Embankment—
She has held us to her breast,
A-soothing us with Summer winds,
A-frosting us with rest;
She has wept her rain upon us
And beteared us with her dew,
Like the very best of mothers,
That the youngest of us knew.



It's what we are and what we want
And what we do without
And what we've spent and what we've lost
That eddies us about;
But it's what we wish and what we like
And what we make and keep,
When our Mother—the Embankment—
Rocks us gently off to sleep.

It's what we feel and what we know
And what we see each day,
And what we hear on winter nights
That frightens peace away;
But it's sleeping heaven on a bench
When dark begins to creep,
And our Mother—the Embankment
Rocks us gently off to sleep.

Archibald Sullivan.

Next Week No. 6—Whitehall

A Captivating Story

A captivating and pathetic little story is Miss Sophie Cole's *Arrows from the Dark* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*). Werner Stehmann, the celebrated pianist, has died suddenly after a more than usually successful concert. His wife, Elsa, learns that she has been left all but penniless, instead of in affluence as she expected. She had had no love for her husband, and when, in going over his papers, she discovers some compromising letters from a woman, she vindictively decides to feather her nest by publishing them, together with others, in a volume, withholding names. Miss Cole tells of how the volume falls into the hands of two of the correspondents, one of whom is the lovable little milliner, Marjorie Willett, whose sad death occurs towards the end of the book, and the other, a Society woman, Eugénie Wintour, and of the amount of misery the vengeful volume wrought throughout. The author has drawn her characters with care, and has told her story with much pathos, and our interest is never allowed to wane.

For Lady Motorists

The Woman and the Car, by Dorothy Levitt (John Lane, The Bodley Head: 2*s.* 6*d.* net). An ideal handbook for the would-be lady motorist is this little volume from the pen of Miss Levitt. Written in an interesting and chatty style, it is nevertheless quite a practical little work, without, thank goodness, those dreadful technicalities which are so terrifying to the novice, and which one usually finds in handbooks on motoring. The author is, of course, quite famous in motoring circles, and no one of her sex can lay claim to better qualifications for giving advice to lady motorists than she. Nothing has been forgotten. There is advice on the choice of a car; its cost and upkeep; hints on the all-important question of dress; the housing of the car; and suggestions as to tools and accessories. Information, too, is found therein as to licensing, number-plates, and registration. Chapter III. is devoted to a practical explanation of the mechanism of the car, and a description of the different functions of each part of its machinery. The social side of motoring has not been overlooked, for an interesting chapter contains notes on distinguished lady automobilists. At the end of the book is a useful list of car index marks and their *local*, and a dictionary of motoring terms invaluable to all automobilists of the fair sex. The whole volume is profusely illustrated with interesting photographs, excellently reproduced.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Dudley Recipe Book." By the Countess of Dudley. Arnold: 7s. 6d. net.)
"The Old Man in the Corner." By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 6s.)
"A Holiday in Connemara." By Stephen Gwynn. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
"Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures." (Eveleigh Nash: 10s. net.)
"The Modelling of the Clay." By M. Urquhart. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)
"When a Woman Woos." By Charles Marriott. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)
"Royal Palaces of Spain." By A. F. Calvert. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Black Magic." By Marjorie Bowen. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)
"The Socialist." By Guy Thorne. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
"The Complete Hockey Player." By E. E. White. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
"The Blue Bird." By M. Maeterlinck. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Polly of the Circus." By Margaret Mayo. (Cassell: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Arrows From the Dark." By Sophie Cole. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
"The Key of Life." By A. A. Methley. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"The Magic of Sport." By Nat Gould. (Long: 12s. 6d. net.)
"Brittany to Whitehall." By Mrs. C. Grant. (Long: 12s. 6d. net.)

A Leave for His Opponent: How the Chivalrous Black Man Plays a White Man's Game

The Zulu in play hopes to make up arrears from this promising "leave." His opponent, with cigar (at the Zulus' Club, Johannesburg), is somewhat sceptical, a feeling that we are inclined to share, judging from the peculiar finger-rest adopted by the striker. Incidentally we might draw the attention of the local Vigilance Society to the pictures on the wall

Our Crumbling Coasts

THE DUNWICH CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD SLIPPING INTO THE SEA

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

At Dunwich, as well as at Southwold, the coast erosion is very marked. The cliffs are of a soft sandy nature, and are so rapidly disappearing that the church at Dunwich, as will be seen in the top right corner, is at the extreme edge, and human remains and portions of gravestones are sliding into the sea. Dunwich was made the episcopal see of the Anglic Southfolk in 630, and became a large place. The eternal warfare of the sea has reduced it now to a small village

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Women's Extravagance —Are Men to Blame?

We women have always been accused of extravagance in dress—more or less. Whether true (and I fear I must admit that it is partially true, at any rate) or false, the reproach is from time to time levelled against us; but on the last occasion I saw it staring at us in black and white from the pages of a contemporary, it assumed a very amusing and decidedly unfamiliar aspect. Men were blamed for it. Up to that moment I had believed this very thing to be one of men's grievances — the possession of extravagant wives, extravagant daughters, while sometimes even extravagant sisters and extravagant mothers assume the rôle of a financial burden. But now we are told men, at all events Frenchmen, like us to spend a great deal on our personal attire. They know so much about it, and are tremendous critics, and we, the dutiful wives, the devoted sisters, the affectionate daughters, do it all to please them. What a comfortable theory! And when spring arrives, and the shops look so tempting (if you've a scrap of the woman in you they must be tempting), and the bright sunshine finds out the weak spots in our half-worn winter attire, and the hats are so delightfully bedecked and garlanded with flowers, one cannot help wishing that all one's masculine relations were Frenchmen, for somehow they often look at these matters quite differently in England.

Jeanne d'Arc in the Pantheon

In the crypt of the Pantheon (the Parisian Valhalla), this statue of the Maid of Orleans has just been quietly and unceremoniously placed. The last statue to be erected there was that of Zola!

"The Children's Act"

The dodges to avoid "The Children's Act" will be as numerous as they will also be ingenious. Indeed, while it is the business of the Government to make laws, it appears to be the business, or, at any rate, the pleasure, of the British public to evade without breaking them, or to break without incurring the penalty. Nevertheless, this Act, even after allowances have been made for all the dodges which man can conceive, is bound to do substantial good throughout the country. The Children's Courts alone, and, perhaps, chiefly, merit our gratitude if we have any care for, or interest in, the rising generation, while the non-smoking clause —I say it at the risk of incurring the displeasure of all little boys — is a social reform against one of, not our greatest, but our most obstinate evils. Will those small urchins yet find a way, I wonder?

Open-Air Schools

The open-air schools of the districts of London have proved so successful for the little scholars that the London County Council think it wise to start them two months earlier, directly after the Easter holidays. Three open-air schools are thus to be re-opened. But we need far more schools for our delicate and consumptive children. In Germany, I understand, their system is much ahead of ours; but it is quite a problem at present how to deal with such cases in England. For consumptive children must learn — it is even more necessary for them than for the robust little ones; also they must not be placed in schools with normal children. I heard of a case in a large town where a little girl was refused by every school in the borough, and since no one would have her, settled down without an education to fit her for her life's work. It is to be hoped that we shall not be too proud to follow the example of other countries, but will increase the number of our open-air schools, especially since those already in existence have proved such a signal success.

LADY PHYLLIS.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

A SMART TURN IN THE SELLING RACE

Of the Tamesis Club, which took place at Hampton Wick on Easter Monday. Our photograph is of the winner, "Scamp," with "Sea Mian" second. These races, and those at Burnham-on-Crouch, were the first of the season. Owing to the narrow waters in which they are sailed, these small boats require quite as much seamanship and smartness in proportion as the big cutters which will appear later on

GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

A Golfing Gentlemen v. Players Match

A recent match between amateurs and professionals at North Berwick has given fresh life to an idea which I ventilated in THE BYSTANDER some years ago, when I formulated a scheme for an annual encounter between amateurs and professionals. If we were to follow the example of cricket we should have two such matches every year in imitation of the "Lord's" and "Oval" Gentlemen *v.* Players matches. But if it should be found impossible, on account of expense or other difficulties, to have such a match at the time of the Amateur Championship, there seems no valid reason against having one at the Open Championship Meeting. In my former article I advocated abolishing the Amateur and Professional International Matches, in which no human being, outside the actual players, takes the remotest interest, and substituting for them two Gentlemen *v.* Players matches.

To Improve Amateur Play

An admirable opportunity was, in my opinion, lost when the proprietors of *Golf Illustrated* were considering the best means of starting some competition having for its objective the improvement of the standard of amateur play. Unfortunately, the idea of a Gentlemen *v.* Players match does not seem to have occurred to them, and they have devoted their extremely handsome gold trophy for the purposes of a thirty-six holes scoring competition for amateurs. This seems to me to be only a duplication of the already existing St. George's Vase. I do not think that there is any lack of scoring competitions for amateurs. No, I think more frequent strenuous matches are wanted for amateurs of the first rank. What more strenuous match could possibly be devised for them than one with the leading professionals. Such a match or matches would, I believe, do more for the standard of amateur play than any other form of competition. I have been looking up the details of the only official Gentlemen *v.* Players encounter at Sandwich, and I feel sure that my readers would be interested to know them.

Gentlemen v. Players Match at Sandwich

The match took place in connection with the first Open Championship that was ever played at Sandwich, or, for the matter of that, in England. The Open Championship was started on Monday, June 11, 1894, and the Gentlemen *v.* Players match was carried out on the Thursday and Friday of the same week. The teams consisted of eight Gentlemen and eight Players. The matches resulted as follows:—

The Opening of the Walmer and Kingsdown Golf Links: Vardon driving from the eighth tee

This, the latest addition to the several golf courses on the seaboard between Dover and Ramsgate, was formally opened on Saturday, April 10, with two professional matches. In the morning, James Braid, the Open Champion, played a single with Harry Vardon, which he won by 3 and 2. In the afternoon, Braid, Vardon, and Ben Nicholls, the local professional, played in a stroke competition

FIRST ROUND.

Mr. Ball beat Willie Park by 1 hole.
Taylor beat Mr. Hilton by 4 and 3.
Herd beat Mr. Blyth at the nineteenth hole.
Kirkaldy beat Mr. Hutchings by 7 and 6.
Auchterlonie beat Mr. Fergusson by 2 and 1.
Rolland beat Mr. Hutchinson by 3 and 1.
Fernie beat Mr. Stuart by 4 and 3.
Mr. Tait beat Simpson by 3 and 2.

It is simply incredible that there still exist many educated people who cannot or will not realise that it is an absolute necessity, not only for the preservation of the teeth, but also for the general health, to take regular care of the mouth and teeth.

Just think of the fact that not millions, but milliards of microbes and bacteria are living in a mouth which has not been rinsed with an antiseptic liquid (Odol)! And to allow the destruction of the teeth, which the action of these bacteria renders inevitable, to go on unchecked, would be neglect of the most dangerous kind.

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Early Enthusiasts: April Lawn Tennis in Dulwich

Though the season proper does not open until May, Dulwich has already set the balls abouncing by inaugurating a Gravel Court Tournamen.. On Easter Monday, a match was played, resulting in a victory for W. H. Gingell and C. H. Thrift over H. Crisp and E. W. Sutton

SECOND ROUND.

Taylor beat Mr. Ball by 4 and 3.
Herd beat Kirkaldy by 3 and 2.
Rolland beat Auchterlonie by 2 and 1.
Mr. Tait beat Fernie by 2 and 1.

THIRD ROUND.

Taylor beat Herd by 4 and 2.
Rolland beat Mr. Tait at the twentieth hole.

FINAL.

Rolland beat Taylor by 2 and 1.

Analysing the matches between amateurs and professionals we see that none of them was a runaway affair except the Kirkaldy-Hutchings match. Indeed, but for some unlucky stymies, Mr. Tait would have beaten Rolland, and might have vanquished Taylor in the final. Unfortunately, this match has never been repeated. What better incentive to amateur play could there be than the institution of an annual match between the leading exponents of amateur and professional play?

LAWN TENNIS

A Misnomer and its Consequences

Glancing through one of the earlier books on lawn tennis the other day, I was much struck by a statement therein to the effect that the game had been very unfortunately named; and, by way of corroboration of the writer's complaint, the fact that to many people lawn tennis is a game which (as its name implies) can only be played on a lawn was brought home to me only a short time after, when I happened to mention to a friend that I had just had a good hard game of lawn tennis. "Lawn Tennis?" said he. "Why, you must have found the grass very soft." As a matter of fact, he knew that the game is played on other surfaces besides grass, but he himself had never played on a "hard" court, either under cover or in the open, and as I had used the expression "lawn tennis" without qualification, his ejaculation had slipped out quite naturally.

The Cult of the "Hard" Court

I certainly think that if the game had been differently christened its development would have been even more rapid than it has been, and its potentialities as a winter pastime more generally recognised; and I am prompted to indulge in these reflections by the fact that last week an open tournament was begun, and is still in progress, on the gravel courts of the Dulwich Farm L. T. C. at Dulwich. The honour of being the pioneer of the winter tournament movement belongs to the Drive Club at Fulham, who held a very successful meeting on their concrete courts last November, and the Dulwich Club have shown commendable enterprise in following their lead. Of course, covered court meetings have been held both in England and on the Continent for many years past, and the Riviera has its annual round of tournaments, on "hard" courts in the open, from the latter end of February to the beginning of April. But the off-season (to use a convenient term) of 1908-9 is the first in which an open lawn tennis tournament has been attempted out of doors in England.

Its Limitations in Winter

Personally, I cannot quite bring myself to share in the enthusiasm of those who look forward to a round of "hard" court tournaments entirely filling the seven-months gap when grass is "off." The

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LONDON.

shortness of the days, coupled with the almost invariably vile weather, of mid-winter, will always, in my opinion, put three months at least "out of court," and I note that the experiment of holding a new-year tournament—even under cover—at Llandudno has not been persevered with. But I do think that the hard court will, in time, have the effect of lengthening the present outdoor tournament season, as it were, at either end, and that before long the voice of the umpire will be heard in the land as late as the first half of November and as early as the last half of March. The entries at the Dulwich Farm Meeting, at any rate, show that there are plenty of players who are very far from wanting to wait for the grass to grow under their feet.

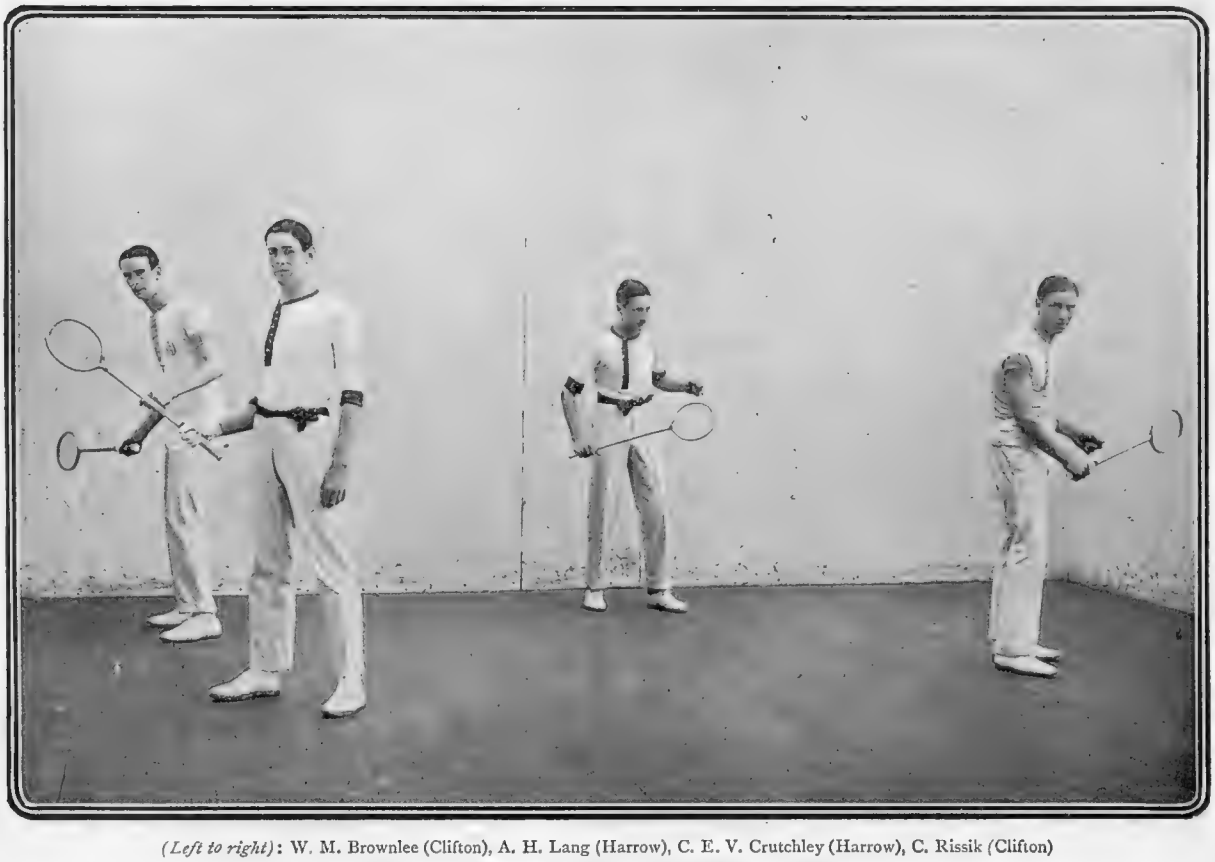
Its Advantages at all Seasons

In my view, however, the "hard" court is destined in the future to play a much more important part than that of a mere stop-gap in the off-season. We all know that there is nothing to come up to a perfect grass court. But how many grass courts are perfect? And who has not seen a perfect grass court ruined by an hour's rain followed by an hour's play on it by four ponderous athletes shod with steel points? The perfect grass court is the thoroughbred, but the hard court, be it only moderately good, is the serviceable hack; whilst, to carry the metaphor a degree further, the bad grass court is a veritable screw. The time will come when no tournament, however renowned for its grass courts, will be regarded as complete without its three or four "hard" courts for use in wet weather, and when a good many clubs, realising that their grass courts never will, and never can, be anything but bad—owing to conditions of soil, situation, excessive use, climate, and so forth—and that lawn tennis (in spite of its name) can be enjoyed thoroughly, even in hot weather, elsewhere than on a lawn, will dig up their so-called turf and replace it with a good, hard, serviceable surface of gravel, rubble, or cement. Those who have been to Homburg, Dinard, Le Touquet, or the many places in Switzerland where "hard" court tournaments flourish in the hottest weather, will bear me out in my prophecy.

RACQUETS

Racquets and Rifle-Shooting

Every year at about this time I hear people say, "What a splendid game racquets is! Why on earth isn't it more played?" The reason, obviously, is that the court is expensive to build and maintain, and the country-house owner who is willing to incur the cost usually has difficulty in finding enough people to play with him. But who can explain the mysterious affinity that exists between racquets and rifle-shooting? I am not referring to the fact that many soldiers play racquets, which is accounted for by the existence of courts in most garrisons; but the records of the Public Schools Championship and the Ashburton Shield show that Harrow and Charterhouse have a distinctly higher average of proficiency in both competitions than any other school, although neither their courts nor the ranges appear to be any better than other people's. The only solution of the problem I have ever heard suggested is that the two schools mentioned stand on hills, and most of the others do not. If this is the real cause, can anyone tell me the connection between it and the effect?



(Left to right): W. M. Brownlee (Clifton), A. H. Lang (Harrow), C. E. V. Crutchley (Harrow), C. Rissik (Clifton)

Public School Racquets at Queen's Club: Harrow v. Clifton

Harrow won by four games to three after one of the best matches in an unusually close competition, and were themselves beaten next day in the semi-final by Charterhouse by four games to two

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RACING. By CARBINE

Racing and the Nation

Epsom is about the most comfortless of all race meetings for the general public, but few of us miss a fixture there if we can help it, and the City and Suburban will attract the usual big crowd this week. No matter if commerical affairs are flourishing or if there is a slump in everything, you will find that the general public in its thousands manages to spare the time to see the big races of the year. Go to the Grand National at Liverpool, the Jubilee at Kempton, the "City" and the Derby at Epsom, the Eclipse at Sandown, or the St. Leger at Doncaster, and you will see the same vast crowds, all interested and enthusiastic, especially when the favourites are turning up! Only those of us who go from meeting to meeting can properly realise the remarkable hold which racing has upon the nation.

The World's Most Popular Sport

It is the same nearly all over the world. France has its counterparts of Liverpool and Epsom in Auteuil and Longchamps, where the crowds are sometimes so great that one imagines that half Paris must be taking a holiday on the Turf. Americans assemble (or they used to assemble before the betting law came in) at Sheepshead Bay, Belmont Park, and other meetings; the inhabitants of Buenos Aires muster in myriads for the Palermo meetings; and in Australia, Flemington and Randwick are famous centres of attraction. It would seem, then, that racing is the most popular amusement in the world. Clearly it is the most cosmopolitan of all pastimes, appealing to practically every civilised nation. The betting inseparable from the sport is probably one of its strongest fascinations. It would be foolish to deny that. But it isn't gambling alone which attracts the public to the racecourse, as we could manage to do all the gambling we wanted quietly at home. It is the excitement of the well-run race between well-matched horses which irresistibly appeals, and the spirit at large on Derby or St. Leger day is much the same as that which prevails at little meetings in the uttermost parts of the world.

City and Suburban Prospects

There is every prospect of a most interesting City and Suburban. Many will regret that Llangwm is not to run, but this will add to the importance of the Jubilee at Kempton on May 8, for which race the brilliant colt will be saved. But plenty more good horses will be seen at Epsom. Dean Swift will endeavour to win for the third year in succession, and all who saw him canter home the easiest of winners last season will not care to pass him over, even though he has a few more pounds to carry. The Americans, who look like having a most successful season, are represented by Priscillian, undefeated last season, and Norman III. White Eagle and Monitor are competitors of undoubted class. Wootton's mount, Lafayette, is supposed to be "let in" very cheaply, and Ebor is much fancied on the strength of Wuffy's win at Kempton Park, a success which I was able to foreshadow in THE BYSTANDER. Then we have a candidate of unquestionable pretensions in **Simonson**, whose small weight and big chance I have already pointed out, and I regard him as the probable winner. DEAN SWIFT and WHITE EAGLE may get into the first three.

Sandown Selections

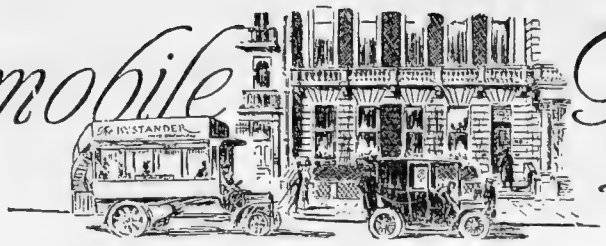
After the bustle of Epsom come the quieter delights of Sandown Park later in the week, with the promise of some excellent racing. Judging by his runaway success at the recent Newbury meeting, **Thaddeus** looks to be something like a certainty for the Esher Cup on Thursday. On the following day the speedy **Jack Snipe** should win the Princess of Wales's Handicap, and **Fop** may be good enough to carry his penalty successfully in the Tudor Plate. Saturday's programme at Sandown is devoted to National Hunt racing, and practically winds up the winter season. In the chief steeplechase **Sprinkle Me** may repeat his recent success on this course.

The 11th Hussars Point-to-Point Races

The winner of the Regimental light-weight race, Capt. C. S. Rome's Talbot (Lieut. F. G. A. Arkwright up) leading at the last jump. Major T. T. Pitman's Dunmoe (owner up), which finished third, is seen on the right of the picture. The races took place at Aldington, near Folkestone

The *Sunday Times*, April 4, 1909, says: "To recommend a Turf Accountant is, we are well aware, to assume some responsibility towards our readers, but as Mr. Gant is a member of Tattersall's, and, as the *Sportsman* states, has become 'an institution,' there can be no reason to question the reputation and standing of his firm. Innumerable Testimonials from experts go to prove that he conducts his business on honourable and straightforward lines. His system of 'Fairness, method and privacy' is world-renowned. Mr. Gant's motto is 'No Limit,' and with a guaranteed deposit of £50,000 at his Bankers he is in a position to make this boast good. All necessary information and the terms which govern transactions are embodied in the popular and handy 'Sportsman's Diary,' which is sent free to all prospective and existing clients upon written application to 25, Conduit Street, London, W."

Automobile Topics



Our House in Order

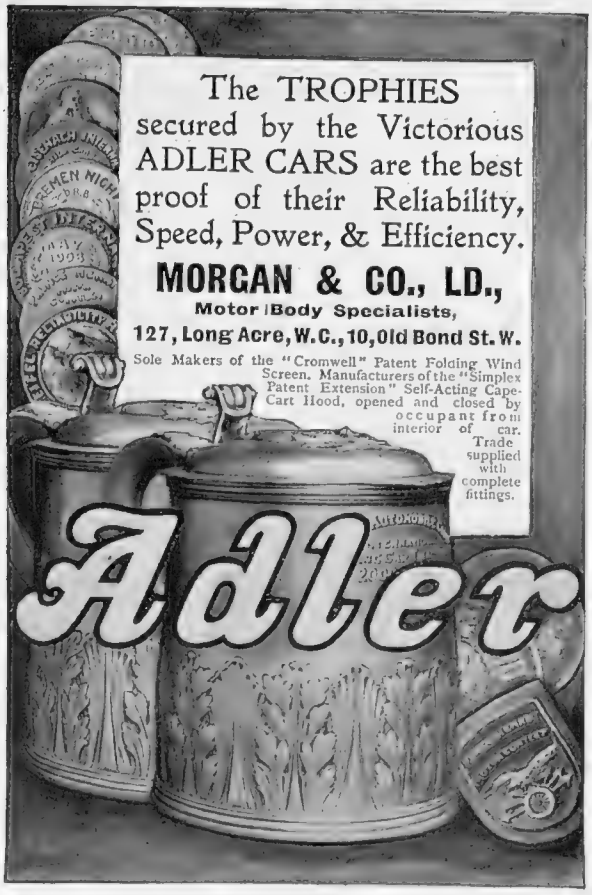
I notice that certain motor organisations, notably the Scottish Automobile Club, have recently extended their operations in the direction of observing and reporting cases of inconsiderate driving. The *modus operandi* is to employ a number of "plain-clothes men," who are stationed at various centres where the exercise of caution is distinctly demanded, the duty of these amateur detectives being to note numbers and particulars of cars and drivers who, in their opinion, are exceeding the legal limit or otherwise offending against the courteous observance of the rules of the road. In the case of the Scottish Club, it is stated that "about two thousand cars have been so reported up to the present," and that, "in a number of aggravated cases the agents' reports have been handed to the police authorities." Some of my contemporaries, notably Mr. R. J. Mecredy in the *Motor News*, warmly commend this line of action, and appear to regard this particular system of espionage as an excellent means of currying favour with the authorities—police and otherwise. With all due deference to these gentlemen's way of thinking, I submit that the adoption of such tactics is a grave mistake, which may conceivably develop into something little short of a scandal. THE BYSTANDER has always been a staunch supporter of the Automobile Association because it has been recognised that the work done by that excellent organisation has been a real help to motorists of every degree. There are those who dispute the legality of the scout system, but one would think that any adverse criticism thereof might be allowed to come from without, and not from within the motor camp. We all know that in practice the absurd limit of twenty miles an hour is exceeded frequently, and we know that in ninety-nine cases in every hundred this is done without danger or damage to anyone. Even the least experienced among us are equally aware that the police have a habit of planting their traps in places where the very safety of the conditions induces a desire for something over a crawl, and it is on such stretches of open road that the A.A. scouts do good work by giving timely warning of the men in ambush. The R.A.C. and its affiliated clubs, the Motor Union and the A.A., are alike dependent for their existence upon the financial support of motorists, and I really do not see why we, as ratepayers who contribute to the upkeep of our police forces, should be asked to go one better and allow a share of our club subscriptions to be devoted to assisting the guardians of law and order in the execution of their duties. There is another aspect of the matter on which I may touch. What is likely to be the effect on the public mind, which in turn will be reflected from the magisterial bench, when the idea that automobilists themselves are set to spy upon each other has saturated the non-motoring community? Surely the inference will be that the state of Denmark is so inherently rotten that all chance of enlightened and progressive legislation in the near future will be annihilated.

Where Nature has Borrowed from Art

View from the crest of the "made" hill at Brooklands, which has a length of 600 yards with a gradient rising to one in four at the summit

Doings at Brooklands

Easter was celebrated by many motorists at Brooklands, where a two-days' race meeting drew large numbers of enthusiastic automobilists. We illustrate this week the view from the summit of the recently made hill, the car shown at the crest being the Mercédès owned by Mr. A. W. Tate, who is a decided acquisition to the ranks of sporting amateurs. In the Easter Junior Handicap a really excellent performance was accomplished by Mr. L. R. L. Squire's 18 h.-p. Straker-Squire, which, driven by Mr. Roy Fedden, had a start of 5sec. in three miles from cars of from 20 h.-p. to 25 h.-p., and came in an easy winner by about a quarter of a mile. Perhaps the most notable feature of the opening meeting at Weybridge was the strong support given by private motorists, and it is to be hoped that throughout the season Major Lindsay Lloyd, the popular clerk of the course, will receive the same gratifying support.



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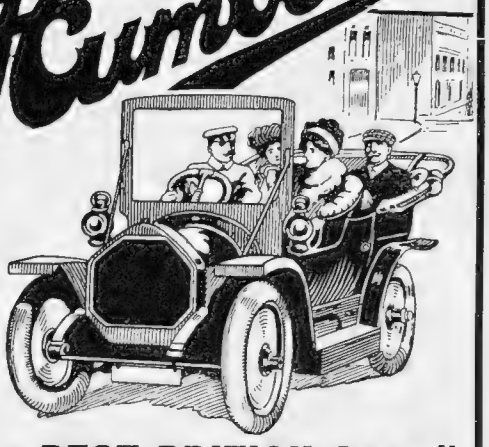

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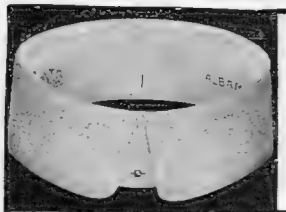

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C.D.C

Miscellanea

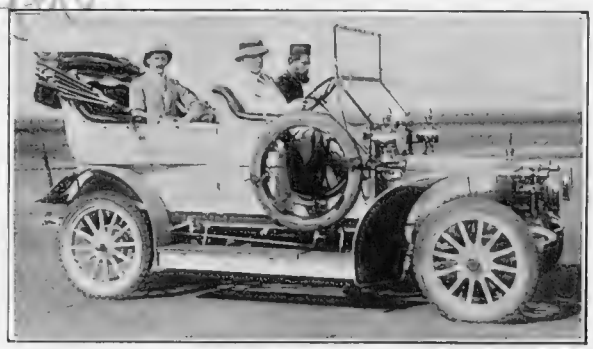
H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck has accepted the Chairmanship of the Royal Automobile Club for the current year, a fact which all who know the value of the work he has done during the past twelve months will highly appreciate.

The first number of the *Motor Union Journal* is to hand, and is a production distinctly creditable to Mr. Rees Jeffreys, its indefatigable editor. The *M. U. Journal* is to be conducted by members for members, and if the status of number one be maintained, it should have a long and prosperous career.

At Monaco, the motor launch *Liselette*, fitted with a Mercédès engine, scored a brilliant victory in Class I.

Messrs. Rolls-Royce have got out a neat and comprehensive book, which gives the fullest information about these splendid cars. It should be in the hands of every owner, and may be had on application to 15, Conduit Street, W.

Users of Avon tyres will learn with pleasure that no increase in price is contemplated, despite the advance in the price of rubber, and that the same high quality of manufacture will be maintained.



Oriental Motoring de Luxe

This finely appointed 20 h.-p. Adler Car is owned by B. Triggs, Esq., of Bombay, who is seated at the wheel

Mr. Haldane's Committee of War Office experts, appointed to consider how far Government assistance can be given to non-official aviation organisations, conferred last week with Colonel H. S. Massy and the executive of the newly formed Aerial League of the British Empire and other gentlemen prominent in aeronautic circles. It is understood that as a result of the conference the Army Council will be recommended to give the use of the Army grounds and sheds on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere to such bodies as the Aerial League and the Aero Club, but the suggestion of a monetary grant does not appear to have found favour with the Committee. This is the more regrettable as Colonel Massy had in view the formation of special corps of Territorialists to be trained in the defence of British coast towns against attack by aerial invaders, and for this important work money is absolutely essential.

One of the latest 25 h.-p. Talbot cars has just been acquired by Mr. Hall Dare, of Newtownbarry, Ireland, who writes in glowing terms of its excellent suitability for the somewhat uncivilised roads of the Emerald Isle.

Bexhill Urban Council is applying for a ten-miles limit on the narrow part of the Barnham Road leading to Eastbourne.

The CLAUDEL-HOBSON Carburettor has received the Highest Award Gold Medal from the Automobile Club of France for Carburettor competition.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., are Sole Concessionnaires.

THE JERMYN STREET MOTOR REPAIR WORKS can give a trial any time on the 14-16 MOTOBLOC. Fastest, most flexible small four-cylinder. Marvellous hill climber. Special Agents. *Part payments* arranged.—Wells St., Jermyn St., S.W.

ALL-BRITISH

STRAKER-SQUIRE

Light Cars.

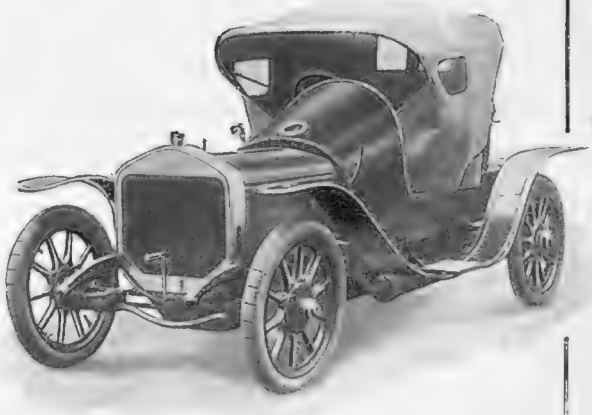
14-16 H.P.

Four Cylinders.

Prices:

Two-Seater - - £315
Four ,, - - £345
Light Runabout - £315

TO REDUCE STOCK
A few 1908 Models, 12-14 H.P.,
AT BARGAIN PRICES.



Light Runabout, 14-16 H.P.

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SIDNEY STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd. (PLEASURE CAR DEPT.),

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Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Sq.) London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

TUSSORE SUITS.

This Season's Novelty for smart Summer Tailor-made Gowns is natural Tussore. We have a very large stock of Suits, of which the garment sketched here is a typical example.

This Coat and Skirt is made in rich quality natural Tussore, perfectly tailored, and the price is

8½ Guineas.

READY TO WEAR.

Jas. SHOOLBRED & Co.

AT

9/6

A well-cut and beautifully shaped

SHIRT

in Washing Silk.

AT

9/6

this Shirt is an example of the high values of Ladies' Shirts at Shoolbred's.

Made in a charmingly varied range of stripes.

Please write for Patterns, quoting No. A24, post free.

Tottenham House, Tottenham Court Road, LONDON.

A PUFF

is needed for Vinolia Powder — not to sing its praises, but to administer its virtues. It soothes the skin—allays irritation. It is good in every sense of the word.

VINOLIA

Vinolia Powder, 1*s.*; Vinolia Cream, 1*s.* 1½*d.*
Vinolia Violet Powder, 3*d.*, 6*d.*, & 9*d.*

VO 8

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The deluge is upon us. Another short week or so and we shall be in the thick of the season. May the fates only grant nothing will occur to retard the current of its success. Of course, nobody has any money, but that is a mere detail, and will not interfere in the least with the purchase of costly motor-cars—a Daimler Silent Knight for choice—tentative aeroplanes, twenty-guinea hats and forty-guinea gowns, together with relays of shoes and hosiery to match every gown, parasols with extravagantly long handles, and—but the list is simply interminable. The vista, as viewed at present, promises to touch a congested point perilously soon. However, in that we are being very skilfully piloted away from the Directoire trend, let us be truly thankful.

Pampas Grass a Millinery Asset

This adjunct has been looming in the distance for some time, but has positively jumped into the front rank with the first true touch of spring. Although I cannot for the life of me find any very clear reason for the connection, yet, nevertheless, there is a distinct sympathy between the new extravagantly coarse straw shapes and their decorative clusters of pampas grass. As may be imagined, they are decidedly assertive in character, and, as a rule, serve to complete a ribbon-trimmed *chapeau* with considerable *éclat*. These coarse straws, by the way, are not designed to accompany ultra *habillé* toilettes, having an affinity rather with the simpler tailor suit of cloth, coarse Shantung, or linen. An example of pleasing order was effected in that novel greenish-bronze shade, sometimes entitled verdigris. The very moderately high crown enclosed its full depth with folds of dull, harmonising green ribbon velvet, through the knot of which in front was thrust the stems of a handful of natural pampas grass.

A Sensible Chapeau

Given a face that can stand a down-dropped hat, there is decided charm lurking in our original offering of a chestnut Tagal, the crown tied about with a soft satin ribbon several shades deeper in tone, or, if preferred, black may be substituted for the harmony. Worn with a brown-striped coat and skirt, natural tussore shirt, and chestnut *crêpe de Chine* tie, there is consummated as effective a morning and knockabout attire as any girl could desire to find. Or a similar scheme could be worked out with equally good effect in rather strong shades of green, or some more delicate grey and heliotrope mixture. The curl given to the brim at the left side is exceedingly piquant.

A Chestnut Tagal Chapeau
The crown is tied about with a soft satin ribbon several shades deeper in tone

Something Special About Viyella

A few weeks ago it was my good fortune to be granted a special survey of the great depôt situated in Newgate Street, where that great success of the era, Viyella, holds undisputed sway. And just what that visit bore home to me cannot fully be told in the short space at command. How many people, I wonder, know that there is Viyella lace—a species of *torchon* — Viyella *broderie Anglaise* insertion and edging, smart check dust-rugs or plaids, blankets, sheets, delicate motor veils—the closest imaginable replica of the famed hand Shetland weaves — Chudda shawls, white sporting suits for gentlemen, etc.? Viyella is verily a marvellous production, and although it has all the appearance of the finest quality flannel, for such purposes as the above quoted suits it washes without shrinking or losing an iota of its pristine softness.

Viyella does not pretend to be cheap, according to the popular understanding of that term, but we women recognised from the first its true economical virtues. For children's clothes it is not to be rivalled, nor yet for ladies' shirts and knockabout costumes, the two latter ends probably influencing more than anything the impetus of the past two or three years in the matter of colourings and design, details that to-day stand the closest investigation and criticism.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 281.—Vol. XXII. Wednesday, April 21, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

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ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

By Order of the Exors. of the late G. Bentham Rae, Esq.

GLORIOUS POSITION. 400FT. ABOVE SEA.

Company's Water and Gas. Modern Drainage. Capital Repair.

KESTON COMMON (beautiful scenery).—For SALE, an exceedingly choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising an old-fashioned comfortable Residence, in delightful pleasure grounds and parkland of about 12 acres, including wide-spreading lawns, rose and Dutch gardens, ornamental lake, productive fruit and vegetable gardens, paddocks.

SPACIOUS HALL, BILLIARD ROOM,

4 good reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing-rooms, 3 baths, 2 staircases, ample offices, including servants' hall. Capital stabling, farmery, coachman's cottage.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NEAR CHELMSFORD.

GRAVEL SOIL. OAK BEAMS.

Overlooking picturesque village green.

2,000 GS.—NICE OLD-FASHIONED PLACE, with modern conveniences.

45 MINUTES' EXPRESS RAIL

from the City. Oak-beamed hall, 4 reception, 10 or 12 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bath, servants' hall, and very good offices. Gas. Stabling.

SHADY OLD GARDEN.

Full-sized tennis lawn, Badminton court, kitchen garden. Near village, church, post-office, and golf course. Motor-bus service to Chelmsford.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

FREEHOLD. GOLF.

SUPERB POSITION.

FURNISHED FOR THE LONG SUMMER.

30 MINUTES NORTH OF TOWN (near G.C. and L. and N.W. Rys.)—Exceptionally attractive modern HOUSE, most healthy position on a hill, with

FINE VIEWS. SOUTH ASPECT.

Carriage drive with entrance lodge. Large hall and reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 fitted baths. Excellent offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, TELEPHONE.

Co.'s water. Stabling, with groom's quarters. Tennis lawn and attractive gardens. Greenhouse.

VERY MODERATE TERMS.

An exceptionally well-found House.—Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

DRY SOIL. BRACING AIR. LOVELY VIEWS.

Favourite Residential District. Hunting, golf, yachting, fishing.

HAMPSHIRE.—RESIDENCE and 41 ACRES for SALE, on advantageous terms. *High and bracing situation in one of the most picturesque parts of the county, enjoying extensive and uninterrupted views*: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bath, and servants' hall. Stabling for 3 and ample outhouses. Nearly

6 ACRES OF PLEASURE GROUNDS

and lawns, embellished with shrubs, ornamental trees, shrubberies, and flower borders. 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, shady walks and avenues, conservatory and forcing houses, kitchen garden of about an acre. Orchard, fir plantation, and fertile parklands, farmery and cottage, in all about 41 acres, affording several choice sites for building. Will be SOLD by AUCTION on May 11, as a whole or in lots.—Details of Mr. FRANK STUBBS, Estate Agent, Bishop's Waltham and Alresford; or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

By Order of Executors of the late Henry Michell, Esq.

ISLE OF WIGHT (near Ventnor).—"UNDERMOUNT," on the Bonchurch Undercliff.

IMPORTANT FREEHOLD MARINE RESIDENCE,

sumptuously fitted throughout, commanding

LOVELY VIEWS OF THE CHANNEL.

Carriage drive with lodge. 17 bed and dressing rooms, baths, entrance and lounge halls, very fine reception rooms,

BILLIARD ROOM, NOBLE WINTER GARDEN.

Stabling with living rooms over.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS

and paddocks to the edge of cliff. For SALE, by AUCTION, on May 21 (unless previously disposed of privately).—Details of DANIEL DAY and SONS, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

OVERLOOKING A WOODLAND COMMON.

On the Northern Heights, facing South.

SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL. GOLF.

30 MINUTES NORTH OF TOWN.—For SALE, interesting old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with carriage drive with lodge to main entrance. Fine lounge hall with oak parquet floor, suite of reception rooms, comprising elegant drawing room with carved oak Jacobean chimneypiece, dining room with parquet floor and carved oak mantelpiece, morning room and library. Complete offices. Well staircase to first floor with 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (2 more bedrooms could inexpensively be added). Stabling in character for 3 or 4. Coachhouse, etc.

GROUNDS OF NEARLY 4 ACRES,

adorned by old forest, cedar, and other trees, and including shady walks, ornamental water, rosery, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens, orchard, greenhouses, etc. Gas and Company's water. Near church and post office.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

By Order of the Exors. of Miss A. G. Sewell, deceased.

COUNTRIFIED POSITION. FINE OPEN VIEWS.

Electric light, gas. Company's water. Splendid repair.

CANTERBURY (in most select quarter).—For SALE, important and commodious Freehold RESIDENCE of red brick and stone in the Gothic style, well back from the road.

APPROACHED BY CARRIAGE DRIVE.

13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases, spacious halls and corridors, 3 lofty reception rooms, ample offices, servant's hall and housekeeper's room, passenger lift. Charming pleasure grounds, terrace walk, large tennis and croquet lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses; in all about 1¾ acres. Also, situate a short distance away,

FINE MODERN STABLING

with living rooms over, with fruit and vegetable garden attached, affording a capital building site. Will be SOLD in One or Two Lots.—Details of Messrs. COOPER and WACHER, Canterbury, or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

N.B.—The fine Furniture will be SOLD by AUCTION on May 4.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

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AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

SURREY HILLS (500ft. above the sea level, 40 minutes of City).—To be SOLD, one of the choicest little PROPERTIES in Surrey, splendidly built, fitted up regardless of cost, lovely situation,

A Charming Little Property. Must be SOLD.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

Pretty grounds of 1½ acres, tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden; lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room could easily be made, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling or motor-house. Inspected and recommended with every confidence. —HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

G.N.R. (75 minutes of London).—Exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, standing on old site: 13 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 5 reception; stabling for 6; lovely grounds and land of 10 ACRES; excellent hunting.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

PRICE £3,000. COST £8,000.

£100 PER ANN.—SURREY (near Epsom).—Most convenient RESIDENCE, 1 mile of station: 3 reception, 8 bed, bath; motor-house; pretty grounds of 1 acre, tennis lawn, etc.; gas.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BUCKS (35 minutes of London; 1½ miles of station).—Attractive RESIDENCE, standing in about 4½ acres, tennis and croquet lawns, paddock, orchards, etc.: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling.—Price, £2,000, or would be Let.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

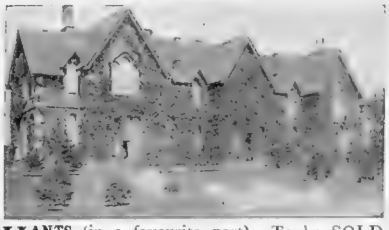
SURREY (Surbiton; in the highest and best part of).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceptionally attractive and up-to-date RESIDENCE, standing in good grounds with full-sized tennis lawn. It contains: square hall, 3 excellent reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and well-arranged domestic offices; electric light and gas throughout. Rent, £140 per annum on Lease; the Property is in perfect repair; possession could be had at an early date.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SCOTLAND. CLOSE TO SEA AND MORAY GOLF LINKS.

With lovely views of Sutherland Coast and Spey Bay.

TO BE SOLD, a unique SEASIDE RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception rooms, 7 family bedrooms, bathroom, 2 lavatories, kitchen, scullery, servants' hall; grounds of 1½ acres, including kitchen garden, croquet lawn, and good 4-roomed cottage suitable for servants' accommodation, wash-house, etc.; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house (or motor garage). Price, £2,000, or would be LET, Furnished, for the Summer.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.



HANTS (in a favourite part).—To be SOLD, the above exquisite PROPERTY, built about 50 years ago by a friend of the late Prince Consort for his own occupation. It stands high and commands

LOVELY VIEWS.

Lounge hall, 5 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling; beautiful

GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.

Price only £3,750.—Strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.—This charming RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, for term of years: 16 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception; stabling 8; picturesque garden surrounded by well-timbered park 150 acres; capital hunting; golf; electric light.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,120)

MALVERN WELLS.—Beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE, on high ground, sheltered by well-grown trees: 10 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms, complete offices; exceptionally fine views from ground-floor windows, pretty terrace gardens. For long or short periods.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

KENT.—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, partly surrounded by moat: 16 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception, oak-panelled lounge hall; stabling; well-timbered grounds, extensive lawns, etc. For the Summer.—Personally inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY (beautiful Dorking district).—Genuine old ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, with fine oak panelling; 8 or more bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling; beautiful grounds. Rent, 8-10 gns. per week.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

GOOD TROUT FISHING.

CO. LONDONDERRY.—To LET from May 1 for a term, or the Summer, fully Furnished RESIDENCE: 4 reception, 6 bed, bath, servants' quarters, billiard room; stabling for 8; tennis lawn, etc.; 10 minutes from station.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in the case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age. is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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This insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

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SUMPTUOUSLY FURNISHED MANOR HOUSE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL MANSION, standing in spacious park of 500 acres, to be LET, Furnished. The accommodation comprises: 25 bedrooms,

MAGNIFICENT PANELLED OAK HALL,

billiard room, and suite of handsome reception rooms.

TROUT FISHING IN PARK.

Garage, stable, lodge, etc.; good golf links; the House is lavishly furnished throughout, and £10,000 has been spent on bringing it thoroughly up to date.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (W 3,038)

ON A SUSSEX COMMON.

TO BE LET, Furnished (Roman Catholic Convent 1½ miles), an attractive gabled RESIDENCE, situated in delightful grounds of about 7 acres; near a quaint old village, and facing one of the most beautiful commons in the county; main line station, 1½ miles. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bedrooms, and usual offices; gas and water laid on; stables for 3; golf links 3 miles.

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FINE OLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE IN BERKSHIRE.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above-depicted charming old COTTAGE, completely modernised and judiciously enlarged, standing in grounds of about

4 ACRES,

including fine old orchard, 2 lawns, and about 2½ acres of meadow-land. The House contains: oak-beamed lounge hall, smoking room, dining room, drawing room (26ft. 6in. by 15ft.), 6 bedrooms, bathroom, lavatory basin, w.c., etc.; gravel soil; South aspect; nearest station, 3 miles; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, etc.

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TO YACHTSMEN AND OTHERS. ISLE OF WIGHT.

PICTURESQUE MANSION, situated in well-timbered grounds, approached by a winding carriage drive, having lodge at entrance. The accommodation comprises: handsome entrance hall, dining room, library, morning room, ante-room, boudoir, billiard room, usual domestic offices, and 18 bed and dressing rooms. There are substantial stables and small farmery.

EXCELLENT ANCHORAGE FOR YACHTS.

The pleasure grounds are of a most attractive character, extending to 14 acres, and are bordered by a stream. Bathing cabin on sea boundary.

Lease of 940 years at a small Ground Rent to be SOLD.

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IN A FASHIONABLE PART OF SURREY. WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN.

OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, standing on gravel soil, well back from road, at an elevation of 280ft., and approached by a carriage drive, to be LET or SOLD: 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, annex containing 3 rooms; convenient outbuildings, vinery, conservatory, etc.; secluded garden of 1¾ acres, with tennis lawn and fruit trees.

Rent, £85 per annum. Price, Freehold, £1,900.

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RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 154 ACRES. 26 MILES FROM TOWN.

IN A BRACING DISTRICT (500ft. above sea level).—For SALE, a very attractive and compact FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY in a ring fence. The charming old House, above depicted, is approached by a long drive, with 2 lodges, and contains: lounge, billiard room, hall, dining and drawing rooms, library, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, ample domestic offices; hot-water radiators; electric light; modern drainage; Company's water;

STABLING FOR 5 HORSES,

coach-house, coachman's cottage; farmhouse, 5 cottages; range of model farm-buildings. The land has a total area of 154a. 1r. 24p. Good rough shooting; hunting, golf.

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For the Summer Months.

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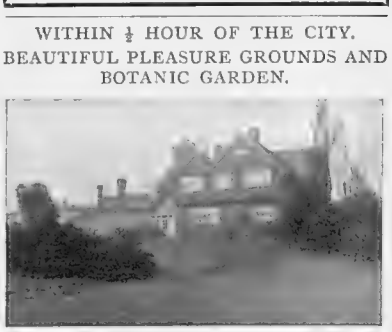

OPPOSITE GOLF LINKS. BILLIARD ROOM.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, the above most attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in beautiful pleasure grounds of nearly 6 acres, at an elevation of about 450ft. Accommodation: entrance hall, dining room, drawing room, billiard room, morning room, lavatory, domestic offices, 8 bedrooms and a dressing room, bathroom, 2 heated linen cupboards, etc.; gas and water laid on; drainage perfect; conservatories and vineries entered from hall; the whole premises are in excellent state of repair; well-planted carriage drive; 2 tennis lawns, paddock, plantation, very fine orchard, and well-stocked kitchen garden. There are excellent

GOLF LINKS

immediately opposite the Property.

Inspected and very strongly recommended by F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,363)

MIDST LOVELY KENTISH SCENERY. 500FT. UP.

FOR SALE, the above charming CHALET-RESIDENCE, most substantially built and beautifully placed, commanding very extensive views over the Weald of Kent. The Chalet is approached by a drive, and contains: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); the grounds are exceedingly pretty, comprising croquet lawn, a sheltered rose-covered arbour, 2 summer-houses, pergola, small pond, orchard, etc., in all about 1½ acres.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

20 MINUTES FROM TOWN. CLOSE TO 3 STATIONS.

SYDENHAM HILL.—To be SOLD or LET, a desirable RESIDENCE, standing 365ft. above sea level: very charming gardens of about 1½ acres; tennis, croquet, and badminton lawns; 4 good reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and well-arranged domestic offices; telephone. Rent, on Lease, £200 per annum; or the 80 years' Lease would be Sold on very moderate terms.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

OF GREAT HISTORIC INTEREST.

In the grounds are the ruins of an old palace.

HAMPSHIRE.—To be Let, Furnished, a HOUSE, which is about 300 years old, but replete with every modern convenience: large lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; gas and water laid on; stables for 3; the grounds extend to about 10 acres and are surrounded by an ancient wall. To be LET, Furnished, at a moderate inclusive rental.

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3,500 ACRES OF GOOD MIXED SHOOTING.

YORKSHIRE.—In a fine residential district and sporting centre, to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, with immediate possession, this imposing MANSION, containing: some 6 reception rooms, billiard room, 30 bed and dressing rooms; excellent range of stabling; delightful grounds of about 13 acres; good shooting over some 3,500 acres, of which 90 acres are coverts; hunting with 3 packs; coarse fishing.

For terms and further particulars apply,

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BRACING SITUATION. TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

NEAR HARROGATE.—Old-fashioned HOUSE, standing in good garden, and approached by a shady avenue 200 yards in length. Accommodation: 3 large reception rooms and 6 bedrooms; croquet lawn, coarse fishing adjoining. To be LET, Furnished, upon very reasonable terms.

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HIGH ON COTSWOLDS, OVERLOOKING VALE OF EVESHAM AND RIVER AVON.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—For SALE, or would be LET Furnished, the above picturesque BIJOU RESIDENCE, together with about 13 ACRES of plantation, the produce of which last year amounted to over £400 (books open to inspection). Contains: 3 reception rooms, 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling accommodation; cottage; packing shed; rough shooting; hunting; golf.

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Surveyors and Land Agents,

14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Sq., W.

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GRAND PANORAMIC VIEWS FOR 30 MILES.

ABSOLUTELY REMOTE FROM TRAFFIC.

SURREY HEIGHTS (at an elevation of 500ft., with glorious South views extending as far as the South Coast, only 40 minutes from the City by a first-class train service).—The above picturesque RESIDENCE, originally erected and fitted entirely without regard to cost, and in irreproachable condition, surrounded by delightful undulating pleasure grounds and well-timbered meadows, excellent stabling, laundry, and lodge, in all about 13 ACRES, or less if desired. FOR SALE AT A CONSIDERABLY REDUCED PRICE. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, fine billiard room, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bath; hunting and golf easily accessible. —Strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. TROLLOPE, 14, Mount Street, W.

CHARMING OLD SURREY COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

OXTED AND EAST GRINSTEAD (between; a mile from a station, under an hour from Town).—To be SOLD, a very pretty old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well away from the road, and containing: large lounge hall, 4 excellent reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms (3 very large), bath (h. and c.); model stabling for 3 horses, superior cottage, and lovely old gardens with tennis lawn, shrubbery, pond, woodland walk, kitchen garden, and orchard; Company's water and gas laid on, main drainage. A very low price will be accepted by Executors for the Freehold.—Inspected and strongly recommended by Messrs. TROLLOPE, 14, Mount Street, W.

GRAND POSITION ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.

BUCKS (in a wonderfully pretty district, near a quaint old village, 2½ miles from Beaconsfield Station, excellent service to Town in about 30 minutes).—To be SOLD, a very choice PROPERTY, comprising a thoroughly well-built Residence, situate in gardens and meadow-land of about 12 acres: fine lounge hall, pretty loggia, 3 large reception rooms, servants' hall, 9 bed and dressing rooms; stabling and motor garage; exceptionally pretty gardens with stone-paved walks, terrace commanding magnificent views, rose garden and pergola, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden and paddocks; golf links 2 miles; inspected and highly recommended.—Full details and reduced price of the Sole Agents, Messrs. TROLLOPE, 14, Mount Street, W., or Mr. BLOCKLEY, Estate Agent, Market Square, Amersham, Bucks.

HUNTING WITH THE WHADDON CHASE AND LORD ROTHSCHILD'S HOUNDS.

L. AND N.W. RLY. (2 miles from a station, about an hour from Town, near church and village).—To be SOLD, at a greatly reduced price, a very charming BIJOU RESIDENCE, situate in an old walled garden, away from the main road, 300ft. above sea, on sandy soil: lounge hall, 3 capital reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bath, etc.; excellent stabling for 3 horses, 2 coach-houses, and rooms over; large lawns with fine old trees, orchard, and kitchen garden; golf 1½ miles; water and gas laid on. Price, £2,400, Freehold. Would be LET, Unfurnished, at £120 per annum.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. TROLLOPE, 14, Mount Street, W.

OLD MANOR HOUSE ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, a delightful OLD MANOR HOUSE, situated 600ft. above sea level, in a beautifully timbered park. It is approached by a long carriage drive, and contains: billiard room, 4 reception, 14 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; ample stabling and 2 cottages. The tastefully displayed grounds are inexpensive to keep up.—Full particulars of Box K 4,240, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON A FAVOURITE REACH OF THE THAMES.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, Furnished for the Summer, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 7 acres. Accommodation: billiard, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; motor-house with pit; electric light; Company's water. The grounds extend to the river.—Box K, 4,206, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

12 MILES FROM THE COAST.

26 ACRES. 10 BEDROOMS. DRY, SANDY SOIL.

£3,500 WILL PURCHASE an attractive little PROPERTY. It stands in finely timbered grounds with carriage drive, about 250ft. above sea level: 3 good reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling and outbuildings.—Box K 4,082, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

½ HOUR OUT. QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSE in perfect order for SALE, standing in well-timbered grounds of 7 acres: 3 reception, 6 bed and bathrooms; stabling for 3 horses.—Apply, Box K 4,066, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

450FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

ADJOINING A BEAUTIFUL KENT COMMON.

£1,550 WILL PURCHASE the above picturesque COTTAGE, occupying a grand position, well removed from noise and dust. It faces South, with delightful views, and contains: lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; gas and water laid on; nicely timbered garden, small lawn, etc.—Full particulars of Box K 4,230, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UPSET PRICE OF £6,000, INCLUDING THE FURNITURE AND EFFECTS.

WEYBOURNE-ON-SEA, Norfolk (close to Sheringham and Cromer).—

"THE WEYBOURNE SPRINGS HOTEL."

Close to the station where the Cromer Express trains stop. It contains nearly 50 rooms, stabling and motor garage, and is suitable for a hydro, sanatorium, college, or other institution, whilst, as an Hotel, it is an ideal situation, there being lovely walks, drives, golf links, and sea.

CHANCELLOR and SONS

will SELL, at the Mart, E.C., on May 25, at 2 o'clock, this splendidly arranged FREEHOLD HOTEL, with possession.—Illustrated particulars of Sale and orders to view of CHANCELLOR and SONS, Auctioneers, Richmond, Surrey.

TO LET IN PRINZ LUDWIGSKI (suburb near Munich, 10 minutes by motor train, which run every 18 minutes) a large modern COUNTRY HOUSE, built 1906; elegantly furnished with every modern convenience: very large hall with organ built in, 4 large bedrooms, 3 large reception rooms, and 3 other rooms, bathroom, 2 maids' rooms, kitchen, and several other smaller rooms; 2 entrances; hot and cold water in each bedroom, and electric light throughout the house; 1 large glass-closed verandah, 2 balconies, and 1 terrace; garden well wooded. To be Let for some years.—Further particulars, Dr. LANDSHOFF, Mümlen 44, Mendelssohnstr 12.

SOUTH DEVON. — Gentleman's COUNTRY RESIDENCE, near salmon and trout fishing, hunting, golf; main line G.W.R. For SALE or to LET, with early possession.—Particulars and photos of BOURNE and SONS, Land Agents, Totnes.

FOR SALE BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, Upper Maze Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea.—A desirable Freehold detached RESIDENCE: 6 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, handsome dining and drawing rooms, boudoir and study; kitchen with Eagle range, scullery, larder, housekeeper's room, housemaid's pantry, cellars, etc., and 3 w.c.'s; water and gas; electric light installed. A well-fitted passenger lift, extending from the ground to the first floor, is available for passengers, luggage, coals, meats, etc. It is most easily managed by servants and inmates. Drains and fittings on improved sanitary principles. Stabling, etc., 3 stalls, loose-box, coach-house or motor garage, and harness room. A small greenhouse, etc.—Apply to Mr. JOHN BRAY, Agent, 13, South Colonnade, St. Leonards-on-Sea, or to Messrs. SIMPSON, RUSHFORTH and Co., Solicitors, 6, Moorgate Street, London, E.C. The executors, in order to close their estate, are prepared to sell at a moderate price.

By order of the Trustees; Upset price £8,000, less than half the actual cost of the building and site.

FITZJOHN'S AVENUE, HAMPSTEAD (with possession: a very fine FREEHOLD RESIDENCE).—This valuable property, known as "THE LOTHIANS," No. 2, Fitzjohn's Avenue, comprises an important and most substantially built Family Residence of attractive appearance, which was designed by and built for a well-known artist for his own occupation; its chief feature is the magnificent studio of fine proportions, measuring about 50ft. by 30ft. and nearly 20ft. high, and available as a ballroom, music or concert room, etc.; the other accommodation, briefly, comprises 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 drawing rooms, morning room, dining room, lounge hall, grand oak staircase, and spacious and well-fitted offices: the stabling at rear consists of 4 stalls, large coach-house or garage, harness room, and 4 living rooms; there is a capital asphalted tennis court and a small garden in lawns, flower-beds, etc.

Messrs. ARBER, RUTTER, WAGHORN and BROWN,

are favoured with instructions to OFFER this Valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, E.C., on Thursday, May 20, 1909, at 1 o'clock precisely (unless previously sold by private contract).—Printed particulars and Conditions of Sale may be had of Messrs. HOLLAMS, SONS, COWARD and HAWKSLEY, Solicitors, 30, Mincing Lane, E.C.; at the Mart; and with orders to view at the Auctioneers' Offices, 1, Mount Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.

ASCOT WEEK.—To be LET, Furnished, a charming RESIDENCE, 2 miles Ascot Station: 15 bed, bath, billiard, 4 reception rooms; lovely grounds, etc. — Full particulars, YOUNG, HOLBECH and SADLER, Auctioneers, Brighton.

VALE OF CLWYD, NORTH WALES.—To be LET, Furnished, May, June, July, or longer, COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, dressing room; bath (h. and c.); perfect modern sanitation; laundry and usual offices; stabling for 3, coach-house (or garage); charming old-world garden, well stocked, tennis lawn, lovely trees, more than ¼ mile river strictly preserved for tenant; salmon, sea trout, and trout; other fishing obtainable; golf and tennis club in neighbourhood; 1 mile from station, church, and shops. Moderate rent.—Apply, "RETIRED OFFICER," St. Asaph, North Wales.

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"The Dainty Soap For Dainty Folk."

4d. per Tablet; **11½d.** per Box of Three.

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GANESH EASTERN CREAM keeps the skin soft and fine, contains a little of the oil, and is made up to suit all skins.

In order to prove the efficacy of these marvellous preparations a Home Box containing the Ganesh Muscle Oil, Eastern Cream, Diable Tonic, and Lily Lotion will be sent for 21/6, but on mentioning this paper the price will be 20/-, including the lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form."

Mrs. Adair sends to ladies' houses; reasonable terms.

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Regular Feeding with suitable Food, Plenty of Fresh Air, Strict Cleanliness. The Mother's Milk is the best food, but if deficient, the **"Allenburys" Milk Food No. 1** should be given because it closely resembles human milk and is as easily digested.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management Free.

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Lombard Street, LONDON.

The Tunic "Mouvement"

To the diversity of the tunic there is likely to be no end for a short time to come. It is a phase through which we are doomed to pass, some of us more pleasantly than others, according to the number of our inches. For a tunic has the inevitable tendency to cut the figure up, although much depends upon skilful adjustment based on individual requirements. It impresses one, however, with its elegance in connection with our pictured evening gown of soft black satin, a model direct from a good Parisian *atelier*, trimmed with black velvet and motifs of fine ivory guipure-lace. The corsage is particularly novel, with the sleeves worked directly out of the tucker and inlet with soft *bouillonnées* of black chiffon.

A Sale of Unique Character at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

The above remark has special reference to a large and representative purchase of Nottingham lace and Scotch net curtains, which will be cleared at manufacturers' prices. In the expert opinion of Messrs. Shoolbred they have never been in the position to place a similar offer before their *clientèle*, as all the goods are of exceptional value and this year's productions, an average example being found in a fine Nottingham lace with a woven wreath design, priced at 10*s.* 9*d.* the pair of curtains three and a half yards long. Needless to say, a very considerable sum has been laid out by Messrs. Shoolbred, cash down being the *sine quâ non* of these big reductions. The purchase, by the way, includes a quantity of Madras muslin by the yard, and also in made-up curtains. Madras muslin is rightly described as everybody's want at some time or another, wherefore will the far-seeing housewife realise the expediency of buying largely of it in this good market for future as well as immediate exigencies.

And running simultaneously with the special curtain sale will be the annual household linen clearance usually effected at this period of the year. Very appreciable reductions reign throughout, particular emphasis, however, being laid on a line of hand-woven damask table-cloths and napkins, and a range of both linen and cotton hemstitched sheets and pillow-cases.

This sale, which made a start on Monday, the 19th, will terminate as soon as a complete clearance is effected, which speaks significantly as to the single purpose influencing the whole undertaking.

The Elegance of the Tunic "Mouvement"

In connection with an evening gown of soft black satin, trimmed with black velvet and motifs of fine ivory guipure-lace

THE MENU

DELICIOUS SPRING SALADS

A French Salad

Choose crisp lettuces, cut off the stalk, and remove the outer leaves, tear the lettuce in pieces (on no account cut it), and wash it in a bowl of cold water. Place it in a clean cloth, and swing it round until dry. Now rub the salad bowl very thoroughly with a slice of onion, and mix in the bowl one dessertspoonful of the best vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of oil, add a little salt, and a good dusting of freshly ground black pepper. Stir the lettuce round lightly in the mixture and serve. This quantity of oil and vinegar is sufficient for about two medium lettuces, and salads of endive, corn, Batavian lettuce, or cress should be made in the same way.

A Nut Salad

This is made of Brazil nuts broken into pieces, shred celery, and tiny dice of bread and butter. This salad is equally good if dressed with cream or with mayonnaise sauce. As the latter sauce is often spoiled by too much vinegar, I give an excellent recipe in which the special oil and vinegar already mentioned are used:

GOOD MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—To make mayonnaise sauce, first rinse the basin in very cold water, and make the sauce in a cool place. See that the oil is perfectly good, and add it drop by drop. This is important, otherwise the sauce may curdle. Use the very best wine vinegar, as a very little of this will suffice and prevent the sauce from becoming thin. Put the yolks of two raw eggs in a basin, and add to them a pinch of salt, half a saltspoonful of white pepper, half a teaspoonful of French and English mustard in the dry state, and a tiny pinch of cayenne. Work these together, then stir in drop by drop three gills of olive oil. When quite thick add half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice and two dessertspoonfuls of the best vinegar drop by drop, and set in a cool place, or on ice, until required. In case the sauce curdles, the yolk of another egg must be beaten up, and the curdled sauce added by degrees.

French Bean Salad

Boil the beans whole, drain them, and dry in a cloth, when quite cold place in a bowl, and pour over some salad oil, shake some black pepper and a small amount of salt over them, then a few drops of the best wine vinegar and a sprinkling of very finely minced tarragon and chives.

A Russian Salad

Chop up very small some cold chicken with carrots and turnips which have been cooked; take some cold boiled French beans, beetroot cut into dice, capers, stoned olives, and fillets of anchovy; stir all these ingredients thoroughly together, and add a pinch of cayenne, a minced shallot, black pepper, mustard, oil, and vinegar. This is a delicious salad if carefully mixed.

EMILIA.

You can understand why it's so good for you.

Such a pure Corn Flour as Brown & Polson's "Patent," made into hot baked pudding or custard, with good pure milk, cannot fail to be a valuable food. Milk and Corn Flour food is nourishing, body-building, and also supplies warmth and vigour.

Variety is gained by serving with stewed figs, plums, prunes, apples, etc. Sultanas in the baked custard also make an enjoyable change.

Other excellent recipes are in every packet of Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour.

Look for the recipe leaflet.

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Makes milk more digestible

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THE FOULARD FROCK

(*sketched here*) is a typical example from our stock. It is beautifully cut, and lined with Silk, in a large variety of fashionable shades. Price

$7\frac{1}{2}$ Guineas.

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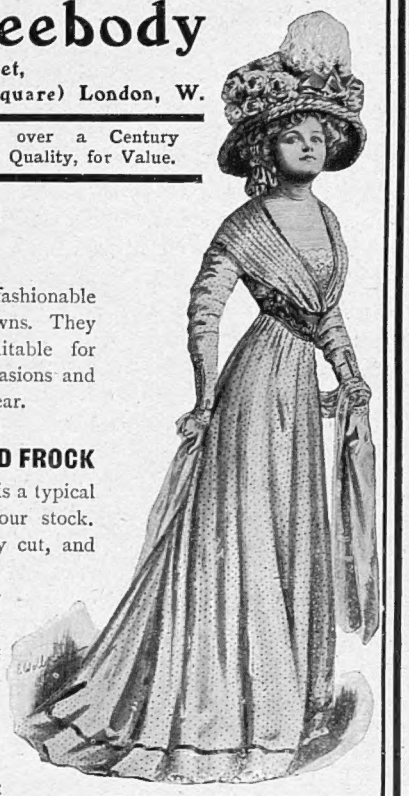

Baby's Wants

are very few; a mother's care, his proper food, and at bed-time a bath with

Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

It Protects from all Infection.

Starting Dahlias

The herbaceous borders are often so well filled that it is difficult to get into them any other plants than their permanent occupants, yet some space should be left for dahlias, for their flowers are invaluable at the end of summer and in autumn. The old-fashioned doubles, once so common, have been almost entirely superseded by the cactus varieties. The latter, with their curiously twisted petals, are certainly more graceful, but many of them have a serious defect—the stalks are so weak that the flowers hang down instead of standing erect, and in some cases they are completely buried in the foliage. The defect cannot be seen when single flowers are arranged on a flat stand at shows, but it renders plants useless for garden purposes, and all such varieties should be rejected. Those who have warm greenhouses have probably started their dahlias before this; if not, they should do so at once. The tubers should be packed in a box, barely covered with soil, and placed under the stage or in any out-of-the-way corner until growth commences. If there is no greenhouse or frame available the box may be stood outside in the sun during the day, and either protected with matting at night or removed to a shed. The soil should be slightly moist, but on no account wet, as dormant tubers are very apt to decay. One or two of the strongest shoots should be left on each plant, and all others should be rubbed off. The middle of June is the usual time for planting. One very common mistake should be avoided — making the ground excessively rich. It only prolongs the growing period, and, consequently, delays flowering.

How to Grow Wallflowers

It may seem early to be thinking of next spring, but if good wallflowers are wanted then the seed should be sown now. Large numbers were killed during the winter, and this year they are comparatively scarce. If such a disaster cannot always be prevented entirely it can at least be reduced within narrow limits. Frost can do very little harm to plants which are almost devoid of sap; it is powerless for injury unless it has a liquid to act on, when, by expanding the contents of the cells until the walls burst, it acts in the same way as it does on water-pipes. Obviously, then, the object to aim at is hard wood as free from sap as possible. For this reason the plants should be raised early—from seed sown thinly—and they should be thinned before they begin to crowd one another. But that is not all. They should be transplanted two or three times before they are finally transferred in autumn to the positions in which they are to flower. The frequent disturbance prevents the formation of tap-roots, which would serve as broad conduits for the sap, and result in the production of a great quantity of soft wood. With fine fibrous roots the watery flow is checked, and the shoots are short and hard. Thus grown, wallflowers are able to withstand any ordinary degree of frost. H. C. DAVIDSON.

For Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, etc.

Many sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, and similar troubles testify that, *having tried every advertised remedy for these complaints*, they have derived more benefit from Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges than anything else.

These Lozenges are made solely by Messrs. Savory and Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. They are pleasant to take, and quite harmless; their function being to absorb and remove acidity. One or two lozenges give immediate relief, and their continued use soon brings permanent benefit. Taken before a meal they are a sure prevention of indigestion. Boxes **1/1½**, **2/9**, and **4/6**.

A FREE TRIAL BOX will be forwarded, on receipt of *1d.* for postage, by Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond Street, London. (Mention THE BYSTANDER.)

DR. JENNER'S
Absorbent Lozenges

Perfect Blends of Tobacco
TO SUIT ALL SMOKERS.

"TWO HOURS" Mixture Cool and Fragrant.	**4½d. per oz.**
"ALDERWOOD" Mixture In Three Strengths. Our Latest Mixture.	**5d. per oz.**
"LUNTIN" Mixture In Three Strengths. Light and Cool.	**6d. per oz.**
"MOUND" Mixture Blended from Finest Leaf Procurable.	**1/3 per 2 ozs.**

Smokers unable to obtain any of the above from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending stamps to the amount to the Manufacturers—

THOMSON and PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

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A VERY FINE MAHOGANY INLAID HEPPLEWHITE SOFA IN FINE PRESERVATION.

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ALSO POWDER, SOAPS, EMBROCATION, &c.

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The Triumph Chain Adjustment is just perfect, not at all troublesome like the old methods, but quite simple—one movement only required, and hands not even soiled. THE TRIUMPH PATENT BAND BRAKE places a control at your command both smooth and powerful—a brake that will hold you in perfect safety on the steepest hill.

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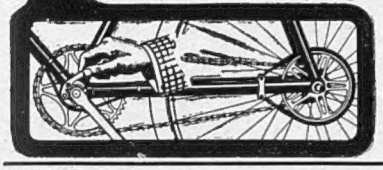

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The Editor's Box

Journalists' Junket

"The Press Album," published by Mr. John Murray in aid of the Journalists' Orphan Fund, and edited by Mr. Thomas Catling, is a delightful symposium of brilliance—for half a crown. Splendidly bound, splendidly illustrated, and eminently readable on the whole of its 224 pages, it would be difficult to name a literary celebrity who has not had a finger in the pudding. In addition to Mr. Alfred Austin's remark, on the second page, that the name of England will be found engraven on his heart (which somehow suggests that a *post-mortem* is inevitable), we have a charming article by Miss Corelli, suggesting that a London daily employs a man to "work up" Continental war rumours for a guinea a week! The fair authoress also labours under the delusion that a "fellow" (for a salary of 15*s.* a week) corrects the sub-editor's English. Just as if any out of the round dozen or so of the sub-editors of a London daily ever condescended to write *English!* If they did, the correction would rest with the compositor. And everybody knows what a compositor would say if offered 15*s.* a week. Anyway, it was quite nice of Miss Corelli to help the fund with this amusing article. She obviously prefers journalists' orphans to journalists.

Travellers' Instructions

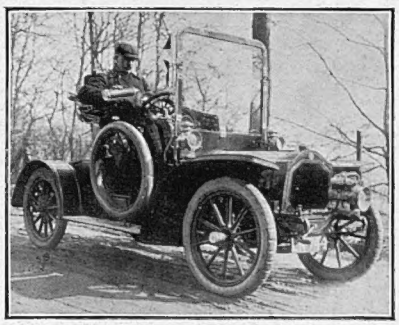
We have received from the proprietors of the famous "Mackie's White Horse Whisky" a little booklet, entitled "Instructions to Travellers." This consists of fifteen admirable little rules, three of which particularly strike us as being right to the point. No. 2: *Never run down another brand. You have in "White Horse" the best quality in the market. If others claim superiority, challenge a comparison,* No. 5: *Never start throwing mud—it is a dirty game. If you cannot praise, be silent,* and No. 14: *Honesty and quality are the best policy.*

"The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle"

In reviewing this book we inadvertently omitted to give the publisher's name. The volume is published by Mr. John Lane, The Bodley Head.

Premo Film Pack

Messrs. Kodak, Ltd., 57-61, Clerkenwell Road, will be pleased to post a new pamphlet dealing with the Premo Film Pack to any of our readers who are interested in this most successful method of applying daylight loading flat films to ordinary glass-plate cameras. In conjunction with the Premo Film Pack should be used the Premo Film Pack Developing Tank. This latter is far more expeditious than development by the dark-room method—twelve films can be simultaneously developed in twenty minutes. The tank is made in two sizes, and follows the "time" and "temperature" method adopted in the three different types of machine Messrs. Kodak have introduced at various times for roll-development and in the Eastman Plate Tank.



The Motor and the Flask

The above car, the occupant of which is helping himself to a hot drink from a Thermos Flask, was one of those used in the recent Automobile Military Expedition to Hastings. The owner writes that the car had to start before breakfast, and the Thermos Flask had a very warm reception when they were twenty-five miles out of town

Italian Grand Opera at the Coronet Theatre

Great success has attended the début in Paris of Cavaliere F. Castellano's Italian Grand Opera Company at the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques, which, after a season of four weeks, is to be transferred to the Coronet Theatre, when Mr. Robert Arthur will commence a season of twenty-four performances on April 26 under the direction of Mr. Louis Hillier. The *Figaro* says the public has received the troupe with as much enthusiasm as in the times of Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache, and *Le Gaulois* calls the success triumphal.

Great Central Railway

Whatever weather conditions may prevail the traveller by the Great Central route from Marylebone will find that the compartments of the trains represent the acme of comfort, being luxuriously upholstered, well lighted, and maintained at a genial temperature. The express trains are vestibuled and have buffet cars for both first and third-class passengers. Meals are served when required at a most moderate tariff. A postcard to Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W., will bring you any information required.

Pocket Book of Shows, Fairs, and Sporting Fixtures

The Midland Railway have just issued the 1909 edition of their pocket book of shows, fairs, and sporting fixtures. This handy little volume of 156 pages contains a complete list of agricultural, etc., shows, cattle and sheep fairs and sales, racing, cricket, and other sporting fixtures arranged for 1909, supplemented by useful information relating to the various classes of traffic carried by the Company and their facilities for dealing with it. Any Midland stationmaster or district superintendent will supply a copy free on application.

This Week's Attractions

COLISEUM: Ruth St. Denis, Isabel Fisk, George Ali.

NEW CROSS EMPIRE: Mike S. Whallen, The Gothams.

BROADWAY THEATRE: Emma Hutchison and Percy Hutchison's Company in *Mrs. Dot.*

ALEXANDRA THEATRE, Stoke Newington: Frank Curzon's Company in *The Englishman's Home.*

Acknowledgments

In our issue of last week the portraits of Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Miss Anna Held were by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield and the Rotary Photographic Company respectively.

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